THE

NORMAL READER

J. V. COOMBS.

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THE

NORMAL READER

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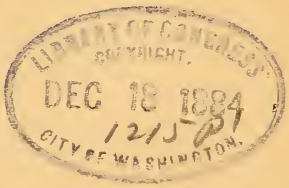
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TO

ALL WHO DESIRE TO MAKE READING

A SPECIALTY

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In teaching elocution the author has felt the need of a book different from what he could secure. Many good books on theory are to be found. Choice selections are abundant. But to secure a book that contained proper exercises for drills, and also a variety of popular selections, is impossible. In order to select fifteen or twenty selections for a reading class, or an elocutionary contest, many books would have to be used. To meet this want this volume has been prepared.

In Part I. the author has given what he considers the best way to teach beginners how to read. Part II. gives a full discussion of Dictionary work. Part III. contains hints and suggestions to teachers of Reading. Part IV. is a full discussion of the elements of Elocution. Part V. contains the most popular selections now in use. Among them the entire programme of most of the popular elocutionists and readers can be found. The author has collected all grades and sentiments of recitations—Humorous, Dramatic, Oratorical, and Didactic.

The author desires to make grateful acknowledgments for the assistance he has received. Prof. V. A. Pinkley prepared all of Part IV., and is entirely responsible for the same. This part is a *condensed elocution*, and it will certainly do much to elevate the art of elocution. Prof. Warren McBroom, of Crawfordsville, Ind., prepared the chapter on Elementary Sounds. The article, How to Teach Reading, was prepared by S. E. Thomas, President of Kentucky University, Paducah, Ky.

That this book may aid teachers in their work is the sincere hope of the author.

J. VINCENT COOMBS.

INTRODUCTION.

ELOCUTION is the expression of thought by word and action. In order to become a good reader three things are necessary: A GOOD VOICE, A CORRECT PRONUNCIATION, A FORCIBLE EXPRESSION. To obtain a forcible voice is not difficult. Some say: "My voice is too feeble; I can never become a speaker." Should they lie in the shade one year without exercise or sunshine, they would have feeble muscles. Practice will give any one a voice of sufficient force to be heard clearly in any hall in the land. Go to work at once and acquire a good voice. Put the voice to its severest test. In balmy weather, go out in the groves and practice on a high key. Then on a low key. Do not be alarmed should you get hoarse the first time. Try again. If a person has not been accustomed to walking, the first few hours' walk will greatly fatigue him. But let him practice walking each day and he will become accustomed to it. Occasionally the race-horse is put to his severest test. So the voice must occasionally be tested. This will give the voice flexibility and ease.

The greater part of practice should be on a conversational key, but occasional practice in shouting tones will develop the voice rapidly. Many speakers find their voices harsh and uncontrollable at the beginning of an address, but at the close the voice is in "fine condition." Much annoyance may be avoided by practicing on different pitches of the voice for a half hour. The practice may be severe. Begin lightly and increase to shouting tones. The last part of the practice should also be moderate. This should be done one or two hours before the time for delivering the address.

To break up bad articulation practice with the mouth full of pebbles, marbles, or smooth hickory nuts. The author has tried this plan often, and is satisfied that it is worthy attention. Fill

the mouth full and *attempt* to read one or two pages. Then remove the pebbles and read a few pages. The organs of speech will now be as "sportive as the swallow and as versatile as the streamlet." Let public speakers who are annoyed with indistinct articulation try this plan.

A correct pronunciation is a necessary element to good reading. Often an uncouth pronunciation ruins the effect of an entire address. Speakers should carefully guard against vulgar pronunciations. This subject is fully discussed in Part II.

A vivid expression is necessary. Thought is antecedent to everything. First get the thought. Expression is giving out. Many persons *attempt to give out* before they have anything to give out. Before reading a selection ask yourself the following questions:

1. Who wrote this selection?
2. Why did he write it?
3. Under what surroundings did he write it?
4. What would be the condition of the mind of a person who would write such a selection?
5. How would he express it?
6. How would I feel under similar surroundings?
7. How would I express that feeling were I under similar surroundings?

It is not enough to tell a person to read naturally. Suppose a man has walked in a stooped condition for ten years, and you tell him when he goes before an audience that he must stand up straight and be natural. He would certainly assume a very awkward and unnatural attitude. Before he can give *your* idea of naturalness you must elevate the creature. He must practice standing straight behind the counter, in the parlor, and walk straight upon the street. If a person never laughed it would be impossible to teach him elocutionarily how to laugh. On the contrary, you would be compelled to place the person in cheerful society, and first have him laugh from the heart. To be natural is to be what you are. If you are not a model in naturalness you must elevate the creature.

PART I.

HOW TO TEACH A CHILD TO READ.

Close observers conclude that the surest way to secure a nation of temperance people is to educate the children in the habits of sobriety. Neglected home training necessitates temperance laws. So the best way to secure good readers is to begin correctly in the primary school. Bad teaching in primary grades necessitates elocutionists. The chief work of the elocutionist is to undo what the primary teacher has done; to right what has been thus made wrong.

The child comes into the school room heralding the mastery of its first day's journey with that ringing laugh and sportive speech that challenge the admiration of the most gifted orator or polished elocutionist. The teacher makes rapid haste to destroy this natural sweetness of expression. In a few days this sportive expression is changed to a drawling school style.

Ten years pass. The elocutionist comes forward to reap a rich harvest from the bad teaching in the primary department. The child has learned to talk well. One thing I would impress upon the teacher; let the child continue to talk well; let the silvery speech heard on the play-ground be heard in the reading class.

The teacher who can not teach reading can not teach

school, for reading is the key to knowledge. Most of the failures in reading can be traced to the bad teaching of primary and intermediate teachers.

When the child gets thought by the eye (*written words*), it should express the sentiment in the same easy manner that it does when it gets the thought through the ear. I would have the teacher to remember, and to keep on remembering, that the eye is as quick to know a word as is the ear, and if properly trained the child will comprehend the word *cat* just as quickly by seeing it as by hearing it.

LANGUAGE.

Learning to Talk.—The child learns to talk before it is sent to school. Its parents are its teachers. Happy is the child whose parent-teachers instruct it correctly! The child's first lesson in language is learning to talk. It hears words used and learns them by imitation and association.

How a Child Learns to Talk.—We have numerous methods of teaching children to read, but mothers do not meet in state associations and discuss the *best methods of teaching the child to talk.* Common sense guides the mother. She certainly does her work well. She does not begin by teaching the child the elementary sounds of the language, neither does she begin with an entire sentence. How ludicrous it would be to see a mother attentively teaching the child the sounds of the word *papa.* Common sense tells her that the child first acquires ideas (words), then relations (sentences).

The child learns the word as a whole. After it has learned a few object-words, *papa, hat, book, cat, bed,* etc., it begins to learn relations. It does not learn the spoken word *cat* by hearing it. It must see the object. You might repeat the word *cat* a thousand times, yet the child gets no idea. But say *cat,* and point to the cat, and the child will, in its baby way, say "catty."

It gets the idea by association. It associates the spoken word *cat*, with the real object. After a few words have been learned the child begins to acquire thought. The mother says, "the cat is on the bed." The child sees the position of the cat and at once says, "cat on bed." Purely by hearing the words and seeing the relations it learns the sentence. No mother teaches a child such words as *is, here, the.* The child learns these in the sentence and by imitation.

Learning to Read.—After the child has learned to talk fluently and acquired a vocabulary of spoken words, it may take a second lesson in language, learning to read. This work should not begin too early in life. It is not wise to begin teaching a child to read until it has acquired much knowledge of objects and relations of objects. Children are greatly injured in being sent to school too early. The questions that now confront us are: How shall we begin? What method shall we adopt? Let me say right here, that the proper place to begin is where the mother left off. No new way is necessary. Let us here recapitulate:

In learning to talk the child acquires knowledge, as follows: 1. It learns ideas, the words as wholes. 2. Relations of words. 3. It associates the spoken word with the idea. 4. The child forms these words into sentences and has thoughts.

In talking, the child has learned words by hearing; now it is to learn by seeing. The child should not be permitted to read a sentence until it recognizes the written word by seeing it just as perfectly as it does the spoken word by hearing it. In one case the word is heard; in the other it is seen.

In teaching a child to read, there should be the slightest change possible from the general method of learning to talk. If we follow out this plan there will not be much dispute about methods.

Methods.—There are several methods of teaching a

child to read. Those most generally used are as follows: 1. Alphabetic. 2. Phonic. 3. Sentence. 4. Word Method.

1. Alphabetic.—The alphabetic method begins by teaching the child the letters. The child repeats the letters from A to Z, and from Z to A. This method is objectionable; it is in opposition to the plan used in learning to talk. Letters are fractions of words, and we should not begin with fractions. It would be just as sensible to begin the study of arithmetic at fractions. The word is the unit of language.

2. Phonic Method.—The phonic method begins with the sound of the letters. This certainly is the correct way to learn pronunciation, but it is not the way to learn to read. The child learns to talk without thinking of the elements of the word. It should learn to read in the same way. It would be as reasonable for the mother to begin to teach the child to talk by first giving it a lesson in the elementary sounds of the language as to begin teaching reading in that manner.

3. Sentence Method.—The sentence method begins with the sentence as the unit of language. This is objectionable. It assumes that the sentence is the unit of language. Certainly the word is the unit. We should begin with units, and not with their combination.

4. Word Method.—The word method is the *true method*, for the following reasons:

1. It coincides with the manner of learning to talk. The child first learns the word *as a whole.* You do not teach the child that this is a leg, this a head, this a foot, this a tail, and after learning all its parts say "these things make a cat." No! You teach the word *cat* as a whole.

2. Language begins with words, and not letters or sentences.

3. This method proceeds from the known to the un-

known. We begin with the spoken word and pass to the written.

4. It passes from the whole to the part analytically.

Learning a Vocabulary of Printed Words.—Learning to read is learning a vocabulary of words. The question is, what is the best way to learn a vocabulary of words? It is plain common sense to continue as in learning to talk, by presenting the object to the eye of the child. The word must be learned as a whole. What words should be taught first?

1. Familiar Spoken Words.—The child has acquired a vocabulary of spoken words, and these words should be the first to be presented. Meaningless words, ba, be, bi, etc., should be discarded.

2. Object Words.—The first words taught should be the names of objects.

Manner of Teaching a Vocabulary.—The teacher holds up a hat and says: "What is this?" The correct answer follows. Here a few words may be said to create an interest. The teacher now draws the picture of the hat on the board and continues: "What is this?" All will say, "That is a hat." Well enough. Do not worry the patience of pupils in making an elaborate explanation, showing the difference between a *real* hat and the *picture* of the hat. The child knows the difference. Ideas are what you are after now. Once telling a child is sufficient. With chalk in hand the teacher says: "Now, you watch me and I will make the word *hat.* This word here on the board is the word *hat.* When you see this (referring to the object hat) you think of what?" "We think of a hat." "When you see this picture, you think of what?" "We think of a hat also." "Yes, that is correct. Well, now, when you see this word you think of what?" "We think of a hat again." "Yes; now watch me make the word. Do you think you can make it? You may try it shortly. Will you know the word *hat* whenever you see it? Let

us see. I will write several words as follows: *Cat, man, hat, cap, dog, fan, cap, hat, bat, hat.* Who can show me the word hat?" Here let the children notice differences. Most of them will select the correct word. If some point out the wrong word, let the class get into debate about the matter. The teacher continues: "You may now go to your seats, take your slates and see if you can draw that word *hat.*" In the same way teach other words. It is remarkable how rapidly children will learn these words. After ten or twelve words have been learned, the teacher may say: "Now let us have a chalk talk. You bring me what I write on the board." The teacher writes hat, cap, book, fan, and several objects accessible, and different members of the class bring him the objects. After fifteen or twenty words have been *perfectly* learned, words that are not names of objects may be presented. *All words that are not names of objects should be learned in phrases and sentences.* Never attempt to teach the article *the*, the adjectives, conjunctions or verbs by themselves, but always teach them in the sentence. The child, in learning to talk, was never taught *the, is, run*, etc. It simply learned these words by relations.

The teacher, holding up a fan, says: "What kind of a fan is this?" "A black fan," is the reply. "Now I will say, with the chalk, what you have said. What does the chalk say?" "A black fan." "Yes, that is right. I will now change the word. What does the chalk say?" The teacher erases fan, and writes hat. The pupils will then say, a black hat. Several words may be substituted instead of fan, leaving *A black* the same all the time. I said before that after fifteen or twenty words are *perfectly* learned, the sentence might be introduced. I want to emphasize the word *perfectly.* The child must learn these object words so well that when it sees the word *hat* it knows it just as quickly as if you should have spoken the word. There is no reason why the child ought not to get the idea *hat* just

as quickly by seeing the word as by hearing the word. So see to it, that before the sentence is introduced, the child has learned perfectly fifteen or twenty names of objects. After a few words of quality, black, red, white, etc., have been taught in phrases, lead the child to say, "The hat is black." Here you have introduced one new word. When the child has said *the hat is black*, write the sentence on the board and continue: "What does the chalk say?" "The chalk said, '*The hat is black.*'" Very well. Tell me now what the chalk says: "*The cat is black.*" "What does the chalk say?" "*The cat is black.*" This exercise may be continued to suit the teacher. Change one word, then the other, leaving *is* the same all the time. When fifteen or twenty changes have been made, call the child's attention to the new word. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the child will tell you what the word is. It has learned *is* in the sentence just as it did in learning to talk. No one taught it. Never let the child stop to call a word. Let the words be thoroughly familiar. The child does not stop to think of the words in the sentence, "The man is in the house," when talking. It must see the sentence as clearly as it hears it. When from one hundred to one hundred and fifty words have been learned, let the teacher say to the children: "To-day we will have a chalk-talk. You may do just what the chalk says. Ready." The teacher, remaining perfectly silent, writes, and the children perform:

"Stand up," "Sit down," "Come here," "Go to your seat," "Lift your right hand," "Put your hand on your head," "On your nose," "Bring me a book." This exercise may be continued at the pleasure of the teacher. Never continue any exercise until it becomes irksome. When the child has learned its little vocabulary, write fifteen or twenty words on the board, and permit the child to make sentences. Here the child takes its first lesson in original composition. This is

the proper place to begin composition. Should the teacher write cat, hat, black, tame, is, on, a table, the chair, the, a, runs, etc., the child will quickly learn to form sentences. Never write the articles without the nouns. Let the children tell (read) what they have written on the slate. Allow no drawling. STOP IT.

THE FIRST READER.

When the child has learned from one hundred to one hundred and fifty words perfectly, the First Reader may be introduced. Begin the first reading lesson with a chalk-talk. Teach all new words according to the word method. After all new words (if there be any) are taught, permit the children to copy two or three sentences on their slates. Let them, then read, in a pure conversational manner, these sentences. The reader may now be used. Be sure that the child reads naturally. Halting at words should not be tolerated under any consideration. If proper care has been taken in teaching the vocabulary of one hundred and fifty words, but few new words will need to be taught, and you will be surprised that the child will read fluently the first twenty pages of the First Reader.

Before a lesson is read, have the pupils write it upon slates. Pay special attention to writing, spelling, capitalization and punctuation. You will see that the First Reader, slate and pencil are all the child needs. You can teach spelling and writing better in this manner than by making them separate studies. Some may ask, "What do you mean by saying teach the child to write?" I mean just what I say; I would begin the work with script. Let the child learn the script. When you desire to change to print write a short story on the board. Let it remain all day. Next morning print the same story and the children will read it off at once. If you prefer it, change a few words at first. Let these be words in which the script letters and print letters re-

semble. These simple means will be sufficient to make the transition, yet many prefer to begin with the printed characters. With them I shall have no quarrel. Every one uses his own opinion. I do not know as one method has much advantage of the other. Question the child upon the lesson. Do not permit the child to give a thought before it gets the thought.

Emphasis and Inflection.—Pay no attention to emphasis and inflection. This may seem strange doctrine to some, but yet I think I am correct. When you hear the child make a wrong emphasis you know that it has *missed the thought.* Lead it to get the thought and it will use proper expression. Thought controls emphasis. Children have enviable modulation in talking. Let them *see the thought* and they will read it with the same charm. Do not mar their natural sweet expression by *trying* to teach mechanical emphasis. The mother says to the child: "Run into the room and tell papa that the knife is on the table." The child rushes into the room and says: "Papa, the knife is on the table." The mother does not pause to teach the little fellow to emphasize *knife* and *table.* It has the thought, and it gives the sentiment as perfectly as a Forest or a Keats.

Reading is getting thought by means of printed words. The child may call the words fluently, and yet not read. The emphasis and inflection tell you whether the child has the thought.

Every reading lesson ought to be a lesson in composition. I hope to see the day when reading and composition will be taught together. One will aid the other. The child will express its own thoughts correctly. When a story has been read, ask the class to write on the slate one thing that has been said. Permit each pupil to read what has been written. Give the class a picture, and ask each one to write one thing that she sees in the picture; two things, three things, all.

The child has now learned to read the easy lessons in the First Reader. Let some of the class bring little stories from other First Readers and read to the class. No reader affords sufficient easy reading lessons.

Phonics.—When the child can read the easy lessons, phonics should be introduced in order to aid the child in pronouncing new words. Henceforth, the Word Method and Phonic Method should be combined. Before this the children will have learned all the letters. When teaching the word hat, talk about h, a, and t. The child will learn the names by hearing them used. Now you must teach the sounds. I can not enlarge upon this point. If the teacher desires further instruction, I refer him to the chapter on Dictionary Work in this volume. I would not tell pupils that I was teaching phonics. That sounds too big. Col. Parker calls the exercise slow *pronunciation.* Let the teacher say: "We will now have an exercise in *slow pronunciation* (or if preferred), spelling by sounds. You listen, and tell me what I say. C—a—t. "What did I say?" Most of the pupils will say "cat." Let the teacher pronounce slowly several words and ask the children to imitate. Arrange a list of words containing similar sounds. Drill the class daily upon the elementary sounds. This exercise will serve a double purpose—a lesson in phonics, and a drill in voice culture.

A MODEL LESSON.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Oh, mamma; I see a hen and six little white chickens. They are under the rose-bush. May I go out and see the chickens and get me a red rose?

The art of questioning is of high value to the teacher. Let the teacher begin as follows: 1. Who are the persons talking in this lessons. (This lesson should be

preceded by a picture containing a little girl, her mother, hen and chickens and a bunch of rose bushes.) 2. What are they talking about? 3. How many chickens? 4. What color are the chickens? 5. Where are they? 6. What is the color of the roses. 7. What did the little girl want to do? 8. Of whom did she ask this question?

After a thorough questioning the child is ready to read, and it can read with the understanding. These lines will be sufficient for one lesson. Strive to make the pictures as real as possible. Draw many mental pictures. See that the child has the same expression when it talks from the book that it has when it talks from pictures and real objects.

The little girl is out at play. She sees the cat on the gate, and she runs into the house and says: "Oh, ma, I see the *cat on the gate!*" She has obtained the thought by seeing the objects. Now you draw the picture, and looking at it the girl repeats the same thought, "the cat is on the gate."

The next day her mother sees the cat on the gate and says to the littl girl: "Go tell Willie the cat is on the gate." The little girl runs out in the back yard and says to Willie: "The cat is on the gate." She has expressed the thought three times. Each time the expression was faultless. Now, the mother writes on the slate "the cat is on the gate." The child gets the thought by written words, and she will say still in her cheerful way, "the cat is on the gate." She has obtained the thought in four ways: 1. By seeing the objects. 2. By seeing the picture. 3. By hearing the sentence spoken. 4. By seeing the sentence written. She should express the thought just as agreeably in one case as in the other, and she will unless some person attempts to *drill her to read according to the rules of elocution.* Let the teacher take little lessons like the following and bring out all the mental pictures. Many

teachers would be profited by going back and learning to read these easy lessons:

"Kitty has a nice pet. It can sing a sweet song.
She has just fed it.
She will now put it in the cage, and hang the cage up. Then the cat can not catch it."

THE STAR.

"Mamma, I can see a pretty star.
Did you ever go to a star, mamma?
O no, I never went to a star.
If I get into the cars, and ride, ever so far, can I get to the star?
No, the cars never go to the star.
If I had wings, like a bird, I would fly to the star.
What? Go so far from mamma?
O, but mamma, you would go too."

THE CHAIR.

"Do you see the chair?
What kind of chair is it?
It is an arm-chair.
Can the boy sit on the chair?
The chair has four legs and a back.
This chair has two arms.
We have some chairs like this at home.
We can sit on them when we want to rest.
You must not cut the chair with your knife.
Let the chair stand near the stove."

Question pupils upon the lessons. What has Kitty? What is she doing? Why does she keep the bird in a cage?

Occasionally write a funny little story on the board and let pupils read it. Permit children to copy their lessons. "Teach the child to do; educate the hand."

PART II.

DICTIONARY WORK.

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation does not receive the attention which its importance demands. Where one mistake in grammar occurs, ten occur in pronunciation. Very few persons can read a page of plain English without making numerous errors in pronunciation. Indeed it is a rare thing to listen to a speaker who does not make several mistakes in an address of one hour.

Persons who would be deeply mortified to make a mistake in grammar or spelling, go on mispronouncing ordinary words without any apparent shame. Correct pronunciation is of more importance than correct spelling. One offends the eye, the other the ear. Bad spelling offends the eye that sees the wrong spelling; bad pronunciation offends the ear of an entire audience. Again, pronunciation is in constant use; spelling is occasionally used. An untiring effort should, therefore, be made to break up incorrect pronunciation.

CAUSES OF INCORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

The causes of incorrect pronunciation are three: Carelessness, Laziness, Ignorance, and the greatest of these three is Ignorance.

Carelessness.—Many persons are careless in their pronunciation. They go treading the road their fathers have trod. They say ídea, grâss, r$\bar{o}\bar{o}$t, côst, etc., without one thought as to the correctness of the pronunciation.

Laziness.—Many persons are simply too confirmed lazy to consult the dictionary. For months they have been halting between two opinions, not sure that either is correct. Every time the word is met it is shunned or half pronounced. Yet there is the dictionary, and these lazy people have not the energy to walk to the desk.

Ignorance.—Ignorance is a prolific cause of incorrect pronunciation. Many persons do not know what the correct pronunciation of a word is. They can not distinguish between sounds.

Once a Boston lady came in a reading circle of which I was a member. I was much amused at her peculiar pronunciation. She said to the manager of the circle: "What is the difference in pronunciation between far *fä*, and for *fä?*" She pronounced them both alike, leaving off an r on both. I laughed at her and thought she was silly. The next day I was leading the reading and pronounced bird, *burd*, and the "Boston girls" laughed at me. It was purely ignorance on my part. I did not know there was any difference in sound between fir and fur, earn and urn.

Some persons make no distinction between ā in fame and â in care and fair. Others pronounce caret â and short ă just alike. Should they realize that caret â is diphthongal the difficulty would be removed. In the old English fair was spelled with two syllables, fā-ĭr, and pronounced as marked, long a, and tilde ĭ, or short u.

These sounds were finally coalesced but still retain the diphthongal sound. Long ū suffers shamefully. We say tootor, for tūtor; dooty, for dūty; nooze, for news,—nūz; constitootion, institoote, etc. Tooter is a fellow that blows a horn. If n-e-w-s spells nooze, why does not p-e-w-s spell pooze?

Broad *a* is greatly neglected either through nicety or ignorance. Brŏd for brôad; cŏll for cạll. We have no more nạughty boys but tie them up to (k)nŏtty boys; no more dạughters, but we reduce them to dŏtters. Let us have a race of broad a's. Much of this is affectation. Some go to the other extreme, and give broad a in many words where Italian *a* is needed.

The writer once heard a normal girl say, "I lạughed and I lạughed, and I nearly died a 'lâughin.'"

To destroy these unpleasant pronunciations let pupils be thoroughly drilled upon the elementary sounds.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

ā, as in ate.	ê, as in there.	ȯ, as in son.
ă, " at.	ē, " they.	o̤, " wolf.
ä, " far.	ī, " ice.	o͞o, " moon.
a̤, " call.	ĭ, " it.	o͝o, " brook.
å, " ask.	ī, " sir.	ū, " duty.
â, " care.	ï, " pique.	ŭ, " tub.
a̤, " was.	ō, " no.	ṳ, " rude.
ē, " me.	ŏ, " not.	û, " urge.
ĕ, " met.	ô, " for.	ṳ, " put.
ẽ, " term.	o̤, " do.	

CONSONANTS.

c, as in call.	g͞, as in get.	th, as in withe.
ç, " cite.	ġ, " gem.	ng, " sing.
ch, " child.	s, " so.	n̲, " link.
ch, " chorus.	s̲, " has.	x̄, " exist.
ç̣h, " chaise.	th, " with.	x, " ax.

The teacher will find that the above table contains all the diacritical marks. Drill pupils thoroughly upon these sounds. Pronounce the word, then give the sound. Teach carefully all the sounds not in the table. Teach by imitation the consonants. Show the class how to produce the sound of b, c, t, etc. Follow up the alphabet, and give every consonant sound. Teach the names of the diacritical marks.

NAMES.

¯ Macron.	¨ Semi-diæresis.
˘ Breve.	~ Tilde.
^ Caret.	¸ Cidilla.
¨ Diæresis.	⊣ Suspended bar.

It is not enough to drill upon the tables. The class must be made to see the difference between sounds.

1. ā, ă, and â. Pupils must see the difference between these sounds. Spell many words phonically, as follows: Pronounce bat slowly, b-a-t. Drop b, ăt. Drop t, ă. Drill on the following: Māte, măt, câre, fâir, fāme, măp, dare, dāy, răt, pāy-er, pân, făn.

2. ô, ŏ. Alternate sounds as follows: Bot, bought, cost, cause, farm, fôr.

3. ô and ä. Fär, fôr, ôr, äre, fôrm, färm.

4. ŏ, a̤. Cŏt, ca̤ught, nŏt, na̤ught, knŏtty, na̤ughty, dŏtter, da̤ughter, ŏn, a̤we.

5. ū and u (o͞o) rue, pūre, rule, ūse, dūty, ruby, new (nū, rude.

6. o͞o and o͝o, mo͞on, lo͝ok, bo͝ok, ro͞of.

EXERCISES IN PHONICS.

The teacher will do well at this time to refer to the chapter on elementary sounds, prepared by Prof. Warren McBroom. Spell several words by sounds. When pupils can give the elementary sounds readily, begin work on diacritical marking.

Pronounce ten or fifteen common words and request the pupils to mark them correctly. Mark vowels and consonants.

1. Băt.
2. Căn.
3. âir.
4. tūe.
5. gāme.
6. Form.
7. prove.
8. nĕt.
9. hĭs.
10. Çīte.

This will be sufficient for one lesson. Next lesson give attention to silent letters. Mark words diacritically and cross out all silent letters.

1. Fāme.
2. knīfe.
3. ādieū.
4. Rōar.
5. ŏften.
6. cōal.

After a few lessons similar to the above have been given, it will be well to have a lesson in written phonic spelling.

PHONIC SPELLING.

Write no representative sounds. To illustrate: Should the pupil make rue ru it would be incorrect, for u represents oo. So write oo, roo.

1. Cat = Kat.
2. advertise = advertiz.
3. knowledge = nol-dj.
4. his = hiz.
5. beau = bo.
6. Phthisic = tizik.
7. new = nu.
8. cal-i-co = kal-i-ko.
9. they = tha.
10. Said = sed.

The teacher will now be prepared to show the class the importance of Dictionary Work. Write the word *bat* on the board and ask, "How many pronunciations can you give this word?" Some will guess one number, some another. Put the matter to test. Write the word several times, asking the class to pronounce as you mark. Bāt, băt, bät, bạt, bát, bât, bat. The class will see at once that the word has as many pronunciations as the letter *a* has sounds, which is seven. Ask how many pronunciations can be given to the word *me*. Mark the word five times. Continue as follows: "How many sounds has cat?" Some will say seven, others eight. Put it to test:

Hard C—Cāt, căt, cät, cạt, cat, cât, cat = 7
Çat, çat, çat, çat, çat, çat, çat = 7
14

The class will then see that the word has been written 14 times, and that every word has a different pronunciation; hence the word *cat* can have 14 pronunciations. For amusement, to incite interest and to show the *wonders* of English pronunciations, introduce words of two and more syllables.

Take the word fatal. Some will say that you can give it 7 sounds, some 14, still others will say 28. Try it.

1. Fātāl, fātăl fātäl, fātạl, fātal, fātât, fātal=7 with long a in first syl-
2. ă in the first syllable will give 7 more. [lable.
3. ä " " " " " " 7 "
4. ạ " " " " " " 7 "
5. à " " " " " " 7 "
6. â " " " " " " 7 "
7. ạ " " " " " " 7 " Total 49.

You will see then that we have 49 words all differently pronounced, all accented on the first syllable; change the accent to the last syllable and we have 49 more, which added to the first list we have 49 + 49 = 98, the number of pronunciations that can actually be given to the word fatal. While curiosity is on tip-toe derive a rule by which the number of pronunciations in any word may be found.

RULE.

Multiply all the vowel sounds together, multiply this result by the number of sounds any consonant may have, and this by the

number of syllables. If only one syllable, the product will not be changed by multiplying by 1. If a consonant has only one sound no multiplication is necessary.

7×7×2 accent.
1. Papal = 98.

7×2 sounds of s.
2. has = 14.

2×6×2=24.
3. Cos = 24.

2×7×2×6×2.
4. Cargo = 336 pronunciations.

7×2×2×7×3×5×2×5×5×4.
5. Massa*ch*usetts = 588,000.

So if the pupil did not know something about pronunciation he might guess 587,000 times, and still be wrong.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS, WITH DIAGRAMS AND VOCAL DRILLS.

BY J. WARREN M'BROOM.

A knowledge of the ELEMENTARY SOUNDS of our language is of much importance to the student of Reading and Elocution.

An ELEMENTARY SOUND is one that can not be analyzed into two or more distinct sounds, just as an elementary substance is one that can not be analyzed into two or more distinct substances. *Examples.*—The sound known as long *e* is an elementary sound, just as carbon is an elementary substance. The sound known as long *i* is not an elementary sound, because it may be analyzed into Italian *a* and long *e*, just as water is not an elementary substance, it may be analyzed into oxygen and hydrogen.

The ELEMENTARY SOUNDS of the English language are forty in number. Other languages contain a few sounds not heard in English, as the French *u* and the German *ch*.

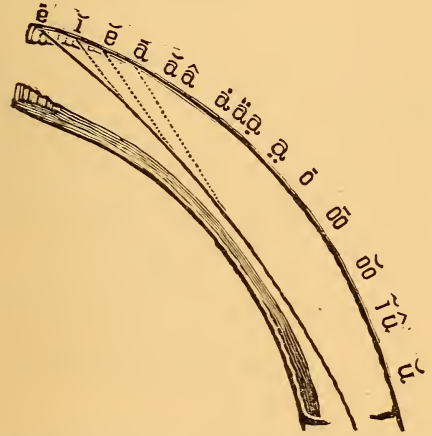
ELEMENTARY SOUNDS are divided into two classes, Vowels and Consonants. The two classes are very different from each other, both in their mode of formation and in their relation to words.

The CONSONANTS form the skeleton, the framework of words, and

give to them strength and energy. The VOWELS are the muscle and tissue of words and give to them individuality. The consonants *brd* form the common framework of bread, broad, bird, bride, bared, bard, beard and board. It is the vowels that make them different words.

THE VOWELS.

The elementary VOWEL sounds are sixteen in number. Each vowel has its own position of the vocal organs, just as each tone has its own position on the key-board of the piano.



The diagram is designed to represent a section of the mouth. When the vocal current passes forward after leaving the vocal cords (where it is set into vibration) until it strikes the roof of the mouth just at the gums of the upper teeth, the sound of long *e* is produced.

With the position of the vocal organs giving this direction to the vocal current this sound will always be produced, and no other vowel sound can be produced.

But if the angle of direction be slightly changed so that the vocal current shall impinge a little farther back in the mouth, short *i* is produced. The angle is changed by dropping slightly the lower jaw, by the action of the tongue, by the rounding of the lips, until we have in succession short *e*, long *a*, caret *a* (heard in air),

short Italian *a* (as in mask), Italian *a*, short broad *a* (as in what), broad *a*, long *o*, long double *o*, short double *o*, tilde *i* (as in fir), caret *u* (as in hurt), and, lastly, right up out of the throat, the guttural, short *u*.

And these are all the elementary vowel sounds heard in our language. Long i is not found in the diagram, but draw a line from Italian a to long e (like a tie in music), and pass connectedly from one sound to the other, and a deep, rich, long i is produced. Passing in the same way from short a to short i and a flat, thin, long i is produced. In the same way pass from long e to long double o. Note the result. Pass from broad a to short i. From Italian a to long double o.

Notice also that in giving any one sound in the diagram the vocal organs hold one position. But no one can give long i or long u without passing from one position of the vocal organs to another. Try it and see. This is because they are not elementary sounds, but really diphthongs. Caret â may, also, be considered a diphthong. Before taking up the subject of diphthongs it is best to explain the vowel substitutes. For the same elementary sound may be represented by two or three different letters.

Long e (ē) has two substitutes; i, pique; ay, quay.

Short i (ĭ) has five substitutes; y, hymn; e, England; u, busy; o, women; ee, been.

Short e (ĕ) has three substitutes; ay, says; ai, said; u, bury.

Long a (ā) has two substitutes; ei, feint; ey, they.

Short a (ă) has no substitute.

Caret a (â) has two substitutes; ê, there; ei, their.

Short and long Italian a (å, ä) have no substitute.

Short broad a (ạ) has one substitute; o, not.

Broad a (ą) has one substitute; ô, nor.

Long o (ō) has two substitutes; eau, beau; ew, sew.

Long double o (o͞o) has two substitutes; o͝o, do; u͝, true.

Short double o (o͝o) has two substitutes; o, wo͝olf; u͝, pull.

Tilde i (ĩ) has one substitute; ē, term.

Caret u (û) has one substitute; o, word.

Short u (ŭ) has one substitute; o̊, love.

(In studying the above let the diacritical marks be fixed in mind. It will assist the mind to note that the caret (^) is associated with the sound that a vowel has when r follows, as câre, thêre, ôr, fûr. The same is true of the tilde (~) fīr, hēr.)

DIPHTHONGS.

The word DIPHTHONG is from two Greek words that, united, mean a double sound. Two elementary sounds uttered in a single impulse of the voice constitute a DIPHTHONG.

In English words five diphthongs may be recognized:

ä + ē = ī, as in pine.
ē + o͞o = ū, as in tube.
ĭ + o͞o = ew, as in new.
ä + o͞o = o͝u or ow, as in house, cow.
a̤ + ĭ = o͝i or o͝y, as in boil, boy.

NOTE.—It may be objected that long e and long double o do not give us long u. They do not exactly. This is because long e is not an exact equivalent for the consonant y, but it is very nearly. So also long double o is almost identical with the consonant w. Phonetically, ē-ŏ-n is very nearly yon, and o͞o-ä-n is very nearly wan. But ē-ē is not ye, and o͞o-o͞o is not woo.

It would seem that the consonants y and w are the connecting links between the vowels and the consonants.

THE CONSONANTS.

If we consider the organs employed in their utterance, the consonants may be arranged naturally into four classes; the Labials, or lip sounds, the Linguo-dentals, or tongue-tooth sounds, the Linguo-palatals, or tongue-palate sounds, and the Gutturals, or throat sounds.

Again, some consonants are mere whisperings, as the sound of p. Some are obstructed tones, or undertones, as the sound of d. From this fact as a basis of classification we have all consonants divided into Aspirates, or whispered sounds, and Sub-vocals, or undertones. Let it be noticed that most Aspirates have a corresponding Sub-vocal, as the Aspirate p, and the Sub-vocal b, the Aspirate f, and the Sub-vocal v.

Consonants are classified from still another point of view. Some consonants may be prolonged, as the sounds of f and s; but others can not be prolonged, as t and k. They are touch and go, like the explosion of gunpowder. Hence, consonants are divided into Explosives and Continuants. By some authors the Explosives are called Mutes, and the Continuants, Semi-vowels.

The following table shows clearly the three-fold classification of

consonants, and should be placed on the board for vocal drill on the consonant sounds. Let the leader first follow the horizontal lines till all the sounds can be given accurately and readily, then let him follow the vertical lines. Every pupil should become able to reproduce this table from memory.

TABLE OF CONSONANTS.

		Labials.	Linguo-lentals.	Linguo-palatals.	Palatals or Gutturals.
Explosives or (8) Mutes.	Aspirates.	p	t	ch	k
	Sub-vocals.	b	d	j	g
Continuants or (16) Semi-vowels.	Aspirates.	f	th, s	sh	h
	Sub-vocals.	v	th, z	zh	.....
	Sub-vocals.	m	n l	r	ng
	Sub-vocals.	w	.....	y	.....

Sometimes two letters are used to represent a single elementary sound, as ch, th, zh, etc.

A list of consonant substitutes is important also; ch has one substitute; ti, question; k has three substitutes; c, can; ch, chorus, and q, quick; j has two substitutes; g, gem; di, soldier; f has two substitutes; gh, tough; ph, Philip.

S has two substitutes; ç, city; z, quartz.

Sh has six substitutes; ce, ocean; ci, gracious; si, losion; ti, potion; ch, chaise; s, sugar.

V has two substitutes; f, of; ph, Stephen.

Z has three substitutes; c, sacrifice; s, hers; x, Xerxes.

Zh is a combination of letters never met with; but the sound of zh is represented by *si* in fusion; by *zi* in brazier; by *z* in azure, and by *s* in rasure.

Ng has one substitute; n before most palatals, as in ink, uncle, conquer.

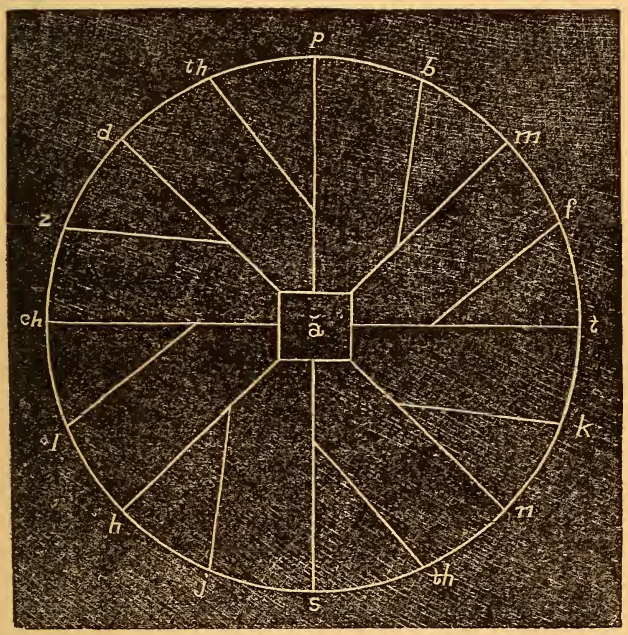
W has one substitute; u in quick; it is understood before o in one.

Y has one substitute; i in onion.

For valuable drill in vocal culture and phonic spelling, place the following diagram on the board. Let the leader of the exer-

cise point to any consonant on the circumference, then to the vowel at the center, then to any other consonant, the class giving in concert the sounds to which the leader points, and then pronouncing the word spelled. Spell each word twice. A great number of words may be formed thus, and the number may be multiplied by changing the vowel at the center.

It is not necessary that all the consonants be used in any one diagram. It is best that some be omitted. So also in placing the vowel diagram on the board for vocal drill, it is best to omit those sounds that are very similar to other sounds, such as caret a, short Italian a, short broad a, and tilde i. These finer distinctions confuse beginners.



PRINCIPLES OF PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation consists of two things: Articulation and accent. Articulation is the correct utterance of the elementary sounds.

(1). â, ê, ô and û are always followed by r. *Examples.*—Câre, fâre, pârent, thêre, thêir, fôr, ôr, fôrm, ûrn.

(2). u (o͞o) is never heard unless it is preceded by the sound of *r*, *sh*, or *zh*. *Sure* is not an exception to this rule, for the sound *sh* is heard. Susan seems to be an exception.

(3). ū is a tiphthong. When it begins a syllable it is equivalent to y + o͞o. When preceded by a consonant it is equivalent to ē + o͞o. There are a few words in which the ū is difficult to utter, and will likely become u (o͞o). *Examples.*—Blue, lute, flute. Blūe is difficult, bloo is not. Pronounce rue, rule, fruit, dūpe, dūde, dūty, constitūtion, tūtor, stūdent.

(4). û has no equivalent. It differs from ē and ī. U is a guttural sound. Pronounce ēarn, ûrn, fīr, fûr, ûrge, verge.

(5.) A constituting or ending an unaccented syllable has the sound of ä. Exception, A is long when followed by a vowel or diphthong, as chāotic. Pronounce America, alas, Anna, Indiana, āorta.

(6.) E and O constituting or ending a syllable is long. In the accented syllable the quantity is longer than in the accented. *Examples.*—Memorial, ēvent, thē-sis, nōtōrious, sōciēty.

(7.) E is silent before n. Given, token.

(8.) C is soft before e, i and y and hard in other cases. Pronounce caret, çite, çider, çelebrate, cot, çynic.

(9.) G is generally soft before e, i and y and hard in other cases.

(10.) X followed by an accented vowel or *h* has the sound of gz. When it begins a word it has the sound of z. In other positions it has the sound of ks.

(11.) Q standing alone has no sound.

(12.) Ai when accented has the sound of *ā*; when not accented it has the sound of short *i*. *Examples.*—Aid, remain, fountain (in), captain, mountain.

ACCENT.

Accent is a stress of voice upon a syllable of a word. Accent is of two kinds, primary and secondary. The primary accent is the stronger. Primary accent is marked with a heavy stroke, the secondary with a lighter stroke. *Examples.*—Leg′isla′ture, Av′alanche′.

Let pupils accent clearly the following words: Inquiry, accented, coquetry, artificer, complex, idea, execrable, pyramidal.

My first lessons in elocution were received from Prof. J. I. Hopkins. He gave special attention to accent, and the benefits of those lessons are highly valued. To break up difficult accents he would cause the class to accent forcibly all the syllables of a word, then return to the proper accent and give the pronunciation several times. I have found this simple exercise sufficient to correct any incorrect accent. *Illustration.*—Per′sonification, person′ification, personi′fication, personifi′cation, personifica′tion, personification′. Now pronounce the word several times with the proper accent personifica′tion.

Take execrable and begin as follows: Execrable′, execra′ble, exe′crable, ex′ecrable. In same manner pronounce peculiarity, congratulation, emphatically, octogenarian.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

It is one thing to say that there are forty elementary sounds, and quite another thing to show by actual work that there *are* forty. Ask the class what is meant by saying forty elementary sounds. The probability is that the class will not have any definite meaning. Place a table of sounds on the board. Let this table contain all the vowels and consonants and number of sounds that each has. Then begin to erase or cross out all equivalents.

ILLUSTRATION.

CONSONANTS.

1. b c ç d f ğ g h j k l m n p q r s s soft t v w x x y z = 25.

VOWELS.

ā ă ä ạ å â ạ ē ĕ ē ê e ī ĭ ī ï ō ŏ ô o͝ o o͞o o͝o ū ŭ u (o͞o) û u = 29.

Now ask the class the number of sounds, and you will likely get the answer, 54.

Rewrite and cut out all equivalents.

b (c hard = k, ç = s) d f ğ (g soft = j) j k l m n p (q has no sound) r s (ṣ = z) t u v w (x = ks, x = gz) y z = 18.

ā ă ä ạ å â (short broad a = ŏ) ē ĕ ē (ê = â, e = ā) (ī = ä + ĭ) ĭ (ĭ = ē, ï = ē) ō ŏ (ô = ạ) (o͝ = o͞o) (o same

as o͝o = ŭ) (o as in wolf = o͝o) o͞o o͝o (ū = y + o͞o) ŭ (u as in rue = o͞o) û (u as in put = o͝o) = 16 vowel sounds.

This, now, gives 18 consonants and 16 vowels, or 34 in all. Let children find out other sounds if possible.

DOUBLE CONSONANTS.

ch, as in child, ng, th̆, th, sh and zh = 6.

Add this to 34 and we have 40, the number of elementary sounds in the English language. Some interest may be created by asking pupils to try to make other sounds.

2. Drill often on the exercises in articulation.

3. Have PRONOUNCING MATCHES.

Pass over to the chapter on WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED, or to TEST WORDS IN PRONUNCIATION.

Request two pupils to arise and pronounce alternately. When one makes a mistake let the other try it. If he be successful another comes forward to contest. One person may *pronounce down* several contestants.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

Sex, sects.	folds, molds.	rob'dst, prob'dst.
Sense, cents.	obed, robed.	barbst, warmst.
Tense, tents.	fast, vast.	curvedst, loveth.
False, faults.	whit, wit.	settleth, remaineth.
Taps, sips.	twelve, twelfths.	

Bā bē bī bō bū bo͞o boi.
Dă dĕ dĭ dŏ dŭ do͝o doi.

ba-pa	be-pe	bi-pi	bo-po	bu-pu	boo-poo	boi-poi.
fă-vă	fĕ-vĕ	fĭ-vĭ	fŏ-vŏ	fŭ-vŭ	fo͞o-vo͞o	foi-voi.

Ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth, ceaseth,
Approacheth, rejoiceth, ceaseth, approacheth,
Rejoiceth, ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth.

1. Six brave maids sat on six broad beds braiding broad braids.

2. The rain ceaseth.

3. I saw a saw that could outsaw any saw that I ever saw saw.

4. Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

5. The listlessness and laziness of the government.

6. He thrusts his fists against the posts.
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

7. Socks and shoes shock Susan.

8. I said sex, not sects.

9. Eight great gray geese gazing gayly into Greece.

10. Bring me some ice every hour.

11. Five wise wives weave withered withes.

12. She sells sea-shells; shall she sell sea-shells?

13. A big black bug bit a big black bear.

14. Round the rude ring the ragged rascals ran.

15. Execrable Xantippe exhibited extraordinary and excessive irritability.

16. Thrice six thick thistle sticks thrust straight though three throbbing thrushes.

17. Prithee, blithe youth, do not mouth your words when you wreathe your face with smiles.

18. He rules with regal reign.

19. He sawed six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings.

20. Whelply Whewell White was a whimsical, whining, whispering, whittling, whistler.

21. Some shun sun-shine. Do you shun sun-shine?

22. I said, "a knap-sack strap," not a "knap-sack's strap."

23. Henry Hingham has hung his harp on the hook where he hitherto hung his hope.

24. Gibeon Gordon Grelglow, the great Greek grammarian, graduated at Grilgrove College.

25. Did you say you saw the spirit sigh, or the spirit's eye, or the spirit's sigh? I said I saw the spirit's eye, not the spirit sigh, nor the spirit's sigh.

26. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

27. Seeing Sam she stopped starching and saluted Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly: "Sp-sp-splendid summer season,

Sophia." "Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia. "Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.) "Selling saddles still, Sam?" "Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat soporific," said Sam, stealthily staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly. "Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam?" (Silence sixty seconds.) "Sire shot sixty shel-drakes, Saturday," said Sophia. "Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.) "See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence. Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short and Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely and seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Some sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall ——'" Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped. "Sophia," said Sam, solemnly. "Sam," said Sophia. "Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia. Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speeds sorrow." "Seek sire, Sam, seek sire." So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin." Seven short Sabbaths later saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs the smiling spouse of Simon Short's son Samuel.

WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

1. Accepted, acclimate, accost, advertise, alibi, acorn, almoner, aeronaut, alms, alternate, analogous, Arab, aroma, aft, arrow, appalachian, allopathy, adult, area.

2. Bastile, behemoth, beneficent, Belial, biography, bomb, bravado, Burgundy, bot, bought, bronchitis, bouquet.

3. Calf, calliope, calm, Caucasian, chastisement, communist, consummate, concise, critique, contumely, coquetry, crochet, cost, courtesy, camelopard.

4. Dahlia, Danish, deficit, defalcate, dew, due, diphthong, disarm, dolorous, debut.

5. Eclat, epizootic, European, eyry, exponent.

6. Finance, frankincense, franchise.

7. Geyser, gallows.

8. Haughty, herculean, hymeneal, half, horizon.

9. Idea, illustrate, inquiry, institute, isothermal, implicable, industry.

10. Jocose.
11. Lamentable, laths, leisure, lien.
12. Magazine, maniacal, mirage, misanthropy, months, mouths, mercantile.
13. National, nomenclature.
14. Or, on, orgies, orison, often, ogle, oaths, opponent, ought.
15. Pageant, Palestine, palm, panorama, parquet, pedagogy, Persian, Philistine, piquant, plateau.
16. Quadrupedal, quagy, quagmire.
17. Radish, raillery, reparable, rinse, roof, root, routine.
18. Sacrifice, salient, seine, sew, shire, shrub, sleek, slough (a scab), slough (mud hole), snout, soft, sough, strata, subtle, subtile.
19. Uranus, usurp.
20. Vagary.
21. Were, wife's, wreaths.
22. Xenophon.
23. Yea, your.
24. Zoology.

FIFTY-FOUR TEST WORDS.

1. Are	1. Aunt	1. Fir
2. area	2. on	2. fur
3. accented	3. tilde	3. earn
4. all	4. precise	4. urn
5. aye	5. daughter	5. caught
6. for	6. Danish	6. cot
7. far	7. bomb	7. grass
8. lost	8. bouquet	8. coquetry
9. ally	9. courtesy	9. Appalachian
10. spirit	10. geyser	10. allopathy
11. baths	11. exponent	11. indisputable.
12. truths	12. opponent	12. homœopathy
13. dupe	13. Persia	13. acclimate
14. inquiry	14. bronchitis	14. communist
15. horizon	15. museum	15. epizootic
16. finance	16. national	16. pyramidal
17. zoology	17. impious	17. illustrate
18. isothermal	18. vehemence	18. contumely.

PART III.

HOW TO TEACH READING.

BY S. E. THOMAS,
President of Kentucky University, Paducah, Ky.

THE key to all learning is *study*. That method which causes the pupil to study what he reads is surely the true one. The mere calling of words advances the student but little. Class reading, where each pupil reads a different verse, has many serious defects and but few advantages. Many times there is no complete thought in a single verse. When the pupil reads such a verse he is compelled to do it in a machine-like way; he has no mental picture, and hence there is nothing to inspire him to make an effort. He soon has the idea that calling words is reading, and he further believes that the one who can call all the words in a verse the quickest is the best reader. This kind of reading makes parrots and not thinkers.

The teacher, by questioning his pupils, may bring out the thought of the selection, but that thought is naked and cold. There is but little in this plan to stimulate the pupil to secure the thought for *himself*, but merely

for recitation. The grand object of a teacher's work is to make the pupil think for himself. There must be something about teaching reading that will make the pupil give careful attention to every word and sentence in his selection. In the study of words he must be constantly searching the dictionary for pronunciation and meaning. It is not, or should not be expected that the teacher is to pronounce every word on which the pupil may stumble. If he does, he takes self-reliance away from his pupils, and they resort to him for help under all circumstances.

In teaching primary reading, the teacher is compelled to assist his pupils in pronouncing some words, but such help should be under the utmost discretion.

Articulation is miserably neglected in many schools. There is no possible chance for a pupil to pronounce correctly when he has not yet learned the sounds of the letters and how to produce them. Too much attention can not be given to this part of the work. Not only should the sounds be given separately but combined. The pupil may find no trouble in making the sounds of *s* and *h* separately and still be unable to pronounce correctly the words *shrink, shriek* and *shrill.* It is not really necessary that the student be supplied with a book containing articulating exercises. A teacher can have better interest in his classes, and his pupils will have more confidence in him, if he makes his own exercises and puts them on the black-board.

Great attention should be given to final consonant words. Take such words as *bat, cat, hat, content,* and use particular care in giving the final *t* sound. In such words as *back, rack, crack,* and *hack,* the *k* sound should be distinctly uttered. The word *insists* is a good word on which to practice. Be sure and get the *t* sound where it belongs. Below are a few sentences for class or private drill.

EXERCISES.

He rejoiceth when it raineth, and he laugheth when it ceaseth.

Some shun sunshine.

She sells seashells. Shall she sell seashells? She shall sell six slick seashells.

Swift the streamlet's soft struggles sent strong strings, stopt stuffs of stammering stones.

He was *amiable, respectable, formidable, unbearable, intolerable, unmanageable, terrible.*

A hint has been previously given in this article about dictionary work. A few more thoughts here would, no doubt, be useful. Many teachers are not very careful about pronunciation, and guess many times when assisting their pupils in pronouncing words. If we are in doubt about a word, we should not be satisfied until the doubt is removed. The only way to learn how to pronounce correctly is to make a constant use of the dictionary and do not allow yourself to be put off. Either make a memorandum of the word or seek authority at once. Teach the pupils that learning to pronounce words is a part of the reading lesson, and when they study the reading lesson they must acquaint themselves with all the words in the lesson, must learn their pronunciation, their meaning and their use. *Bad pronunciation is a crime!* It is a sure test of ignorance.

We give below a list of words which are generally mispronounced unless authority be consulted. If a student wants to find out the necessity of referring to a dictionary, let him use his own judgment in pronouncing these words, and then let him look up their pronunciation and find out how many he has missed. While the list is only a few out of the many which are often mispronounced, yet several of these have sent the writer to the dictionary as many as four times for each

pronunciation. The words are all in general use, and are found in school books, histories and newspapers.

EXERCISE.

Encore	Comparable
lava	lyceum
debris	chagrin
scallop	nuptials
museum	chalice
corps	banquet
corpse	crochet
acoustics	suite
debut	pronunciation
bronchitis	bologna
facade	pharmaceutics
niche	pedagogy
debauche	pedagogics
gape	nonchalance
patron	syrup
dessert	falcon.

The manner of conducting a reading class so as to bring out the principles already mentioned, is probably of the most importance. The larger a reading class the more interest there will be in it. All pupils, from the second reader up to the highest grade, can be put into one class. It is not necessary that each member of the class reads every day; hence, if the class contains thirty pupils, arrange it into three sections of ten each. Have one section to read one day, another the next, and so on. Devote one hour to this class. Have each pupil to read a different selection. Let him choose his selection if he will. He has three days to study and practice on his selection. In that time he can look after the pronunciation and meaning of all doubtful words. He can study the thought and become familiar with it and the words which express it. When he

comes to read it to the class he does not merely have to confine himself to the calling of words, but he can read in a clear, forcible and impressive manner. He is so familiar with his selection, and he feels so fully the thought which he is expressing, that he looks away from his book and casts his eyes into his "little audience," and as he gets deeper into the thought of his selection, he calls forth suitable expressions of his face and eyes and the next moment his hand paints a picture or adds emphasis to a word, and in this creditable manner he finishes his selection, and this progress has been made from the right kind of study and practice before coming to class. His articulation was clear, his pronunciation was good, and his hearers were entertained, because they understood the thought of his selection, and he had given it to them in a delivery that was pleasing and impressive. The whole section reads in like manner, all having their selections well studied and prepared. Those who belong to the other sections can be taking notes and criticisms on the reading. All should keep a watch for mispronounced words, wrong slides of the voice, lack of emphasis and energy, and ungraceful position. Have these criticisms given when the section is done reading. Use the two sections not reading as an audience for the other section. This audience will stimulate the reader to make a more careful preparation. Two months of this kind of reading is worth five years of the old way, where pupils get up and read by verses and the teacher pronounces all the "hard words." There is never any interest in such classes, and their study of the lesson is a miserable farce.

For five years the writer has been using the "section plan," of which he is the originator, and he has never failed in making good readers of all his pupils. The primary object of reading is to secure thought, and if the reader does not understand what he reads there must be something wrong in his training. Grasping thought rapidly is the result of practice. If pu-

pils are taught that they must understand what they read before they can read it intelligently to any one else, and that they must study to get the thought when they are preparing their selection, then they are practicing just what they will want to use all through life. That method which makes the pupils study for the thought of the author, and then practice how to express that thought, is surely the true method of teaching reading.

STEPS IN READING.

A child's first lesson in language is learning to talk; the first lesson in school is learning to read. It is the source of all knowledge. Many methods have been given for teaching reading, some of which are good, while others are unnatural. The first lessons in reading are the same as those in language.

The old A B C method, by which all the older teachers were taught to read, is now obsolete. It is no longer used by the progressive teacher. It is so abnormal that we wonder at what it has accomplished. It is well for the children of to-day that they are taught by more natural methods.

The best method now in use is the word or object method. It is superior to all others in that it is the method of nature. Children in the country have a correct idea of a great many objects. They receive the idea as a whole, and have not yet analyzed them into their component parts. A child can have no idea of what it has not seen. The race acquired the use of language by objects. There were no new words around until there was an idea for them to represent. Nature begins with objects, then the idea, then the sign, and the ability to make the sign. This is the manner in which language has been developed, and from this we may learn the method of teaching the use of it to a child.

In teaching the word method, it is first necessary to

have an object. It matters not what word is first used, but it should be an object with which the children are familiar. Words that do not represent an object should not be used first. Talk about the object. Encourage conversation. A pupil will not learn to read before it can talk. When they have a complete idea of the object, present the picture of the object. It is well to draw this on the board. After they have comprehended this, write the word on the board. Tell them the word represents the object the same as the picture. Have the pupils write the word on the slate. It is not necessary to have them print the word. It is best to teach the script letters, as they will use them in after life.

The child knows nothing about the letters. The word is the word! When it is once learned it is not likely to forget it. Teach several words in this manner, and then form sentences. Words that are not the signs of objects may be illustrated by examples. If you want to teach the word "old," show a new object. Use the real object wherever you can.

When the sentences are formed, have the pupils read as they talk. Great care should be taken in this. A bad habit formed in the primary grades is hard to be broken. Insist upon correct pronunciation. It is well to drill pupils upon the elementary sounds, after they have learned several words. Do not stick too closely to any one method, but try and use the best of all. Adapt the method to suit yourself and the school.

It is not so much the method that is used in the primary grades as how it is used. The child is led in the path of knowledge, and all the difficulties anticipated. If the child is interested in the work, it will learn to read, whatever method is used. In teaching primary pupils the teacher is superior to the methods.

ADVANCED READING.

There is nothing so poorly taught in our country schools as reading. So much has this study been neglected that it is almost impossible to find a good reader anywhere. It is impossible for a teacher who can not read himself to teach others to read. A child talks natural enough, but when it begins to read it is no longer itself. That is the best reading which is nearest like common conversation.

Talk to the pupils about what they are going to read. No one can read what they do not thoroughly understand. Ask questions until they know what ideas they should express, and then have them read as they talk. No two persons will read the same piece alike. That is good reading which conveys the idea clearly to the mind of another. Do not depend too much upon imitation to make a good reader. The teacher expresses his idea and the pupils express theirs.

No one can read a selection with which he is not familiar. Every lesson should be thoroughly studied before being read. Teachers should prepare the reading lesson the same as arithmetic. There will never be good reading done until there is more interest aroused, and there will not be increased interest until there is more study on the lesson.

It is not expected that you shall make elocutionists out of your pupils, but intelligent readers. Most of the reading that is done in our schools is purely mechanical, the pupils having no idea of what they are reading. It is necessary that pupils should be able to call words at first sight, but that is not the chief use of reading. Words are nothing only as they convey thoughts. Insist upon correct pronunciation, but do not lose sight of the thought.

That pupils may give close attention to the reading lessons, it is well to have them copy a paragraph of each lesson on their slates in the intermediate grades.

Teach the meaning of words in the connection in which they are used. See that they comprehend the meaning of all words in the lesson, and also know how to spell them. This is especially important in the lower grades. Have them use the dictionary in connection with the reading, but be careful that they select the correct definition.

Give frequent exercises in the pronunciation of difficult words. Spare no pains to secure correct articulation. It is well to give frequent exercises in breathing and articulation. Have the pupil stand erect when reading. No one can read well in an unnatural position.

The greater part of the reading in the world is done silently and mentally. The object of the teaching in the higher grades is to teach the pupils to think as they read and gather in the thoughts from the printed page. To do this, it is well to give the pupil a selection to read silently, and then have him tell what he has read. Encourage a spirit of reading among your pupils. There is no way to learn how except to read. It is no use in having children read the same thing over and over after they have once learned it. Give them something new to read. In the lower grades they should read at least two series of readers instead of one. In the higher grades let them read some story in the class or selections from the newspapers occasionally. The teacher should make the selections. Irving's "Sketch-book" would be good for the higher grades. They would not only learn to read, but would become familiar with some of the finest prose writings in the language.

Do not permit a pupil to be interrupted by criticisms while he is reading. Encourage pupils to criticise each other, but do not allow criticisms to run into needless fault-finding. Be careful how you criticise. All errors should be corrected, but be more anxious to commend than to find fault.

Concert reading should be used occasionally as a drill. It will encourage the backward and restrain the forward. Concert reading will never take the place of individual instruction, however. In poetry it is well, sometimes, to have each pupil read only one line. It arouses attention. Do not call upon pupils to read in regular order. Let them read occasionally to a pause and then call on some one else to read.

The class should be able to understand every word spoken by the pupil reading without looking on their books. There is no excuse for pupils not speaking so they can be heard.

Take a short story of some kind and cut it into sections, and distribute the parts to the members of the class. Call on the one who has the first part to read. As the story is new to them, it will require close attention to tell which one will read next.

In advanced reading, the same as primary reading, more depends upon the teacher than the method. It is your duty to interest the pupils in the reading lesson. Until the pupils are interested in their lessons, they will never become good readers.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

SUBDUED, VERY SLOW, VERY LOW.

1. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

GIVE ALMS.

2. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

SPRING.

3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me. —*Gray.*

4. I come! I come! you have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song,
You may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass. —*Hemans.*

DREAM OF DARKNESS.

5. I had a dream which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,—
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth swung
Blinding and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went and brought no day.
The world was void.

6. Io! they come, they come.

7. His extortion is not like the rapacity of the princely eagle that snatches away its living, struggling prey; he is a vulture that feeds upon the prostrate, the dying, and the dead. —*Burke.*

8. Forward the light brigade,
Charge for the guns.

9. I tell you, though you, though the whole world, though an angel from heaven, were to declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.

10. Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape?

11. Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost? No nearer, I pray!

12. Leave me! Thy footstep with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound.

13. Soldiers, you are now within a few steps of the enemy's outposts!

Our scouts report them slumbering around their watch-fires, utterly unprepared.

Swift and noiseless we are upon them, we capture them without resistance.

14. O I have passed a miserable night!
So full of fearful dreams and ugly sights.

15. The father came on deck, he gasped,
"Oh, God! thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son;
"Jump far out boy, into the wave;
Jump or I fire," he said;
"This chance alone your life can save,
Jump, jump!" the boy obeyed.

16. Princes, potentates, warriors!
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

17. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop remained in my country I would never lay down my arms, *never*, NEVER, NEVER.

18. Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.

19. We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

20. Haste me to know it, so that
With wings as swift as meditation,
I may sweep to my revenge.

21. "Good morning, Lizzie, I am glad to see you. When did you arrive?"
"I came on last train."
"Are you well?"
"Quite well; I thank you."

22. *Hamlet.* Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Armed, say you?
All. From head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O! yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Shakespeare.

23. I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is—that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn, and that the great cause of the night is the lack of the sun. *Shakespeare.*

24. Children prattle, ladies smile, men talk, goats stamp, dogs yelp, and geese hiss. Accept your classification.

25. They are gone, they are gone, the glimmering sparks hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.

26. And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom! *Willis.*

27. Then this ebony bird, beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore." *Poe.*

28. Have ye *brave sons?* Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them *die.* Have ye *fair daughters?* Look
To see them live, *torn from your arms, distained,*
Dishonored; and if ye *dare call for justice,*
Be answered by the *lash.*
Yet *this*—is *Rome,*
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the *world!* and *we* are *Romans.*
Why, in elder day, to be a *Roman,*
Was greater than a *king!*
And once again—
Hear me, ye *walls,* that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! *Once again, I swear,*
The eternal city shall be free.

29. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers? whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty;

the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. —*Ossian.*

30. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives and him that takes.
—*Shakespeare.*

31. Oh, young Lochinvar has come
Out of the west;
Through all the wide
Borders his steed was the best.

32. 'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. —*Prentice.*

33. How like a fawning publican he looks,
I hate him, for he is a Christian.

34. Let the woman demand the same exactness of manners from the man that he demands of her. If woman offends against chastity, she goes down forever; but man offends against chastity, and yet with unblushing countenance, stalks over the land with uplifted head. Here society is at fault. That act that will banish woman from society, in the name of high heaven, let it banish man from society. C.

35. Tell me I hate the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word.
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

36. Go from my sight, I hate
And despise you.

37. Hurrah! the life-boat clashes on,
Though darkly the reef may frown;
The rock is there, the ship is gone—
Full twenty fathoms down.
But cheered by hope, the seaman cope
With the billows single-handed,
They are all in the life-boat. Hurrah! they're afloat.
And now they are safely landed
By the live-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

38. Oh, tell me, where did Katy live?
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too!
Did Katy love a naughty man
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

39. "Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

40. My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat
A bird afloat
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

41. If thou said'st I am not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.

EXAMPLES FOR GESTICULATIONS.

1. "I give thee in thy teeth the lie!"
2. "Forward! Forward, let us range!"
3. "Eternal King! author of all being."
4. "Give your children food, O, Father!"
5. "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again."
6. "Thou shalt lie down with patriarchs of the infant world.
7. "We have no concessions to make, my lord."
8. "I prohibit the signing of such a paper."
9. "The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast."

PART IV.

THE ART OF DELIVERY.

BY VIRGIL A. PINKLEY,

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REMARKS.

During the past six years the author having had, perhaps, not fewer than ten thousand voices under his direction, it may be claimed, we think, with modesty, that he has, by experience, learned somewhat of the needs and desires of students throughout the country. It will be the purpose of this division of the work to respond, practically, to those demands.

One of the first questions a pupil asks when a work on elocution is commended, is, "does it contain selections?" They wish something more than theory and short extracts illustrative of the points as they appear. And yet, in the great majority of instances, they object to buying a separate book of selections.

In all our subdivisions that will admit, after giving brief extracts bearing upon the point in question,

selections in full, emphasizing the same, are added. Many of these selections the author has publicly tested, thereby proving their popularity.

Many selections, fresh and winsome in humor, pathos, impersonation, dialect, character-sketching and description, the book will be found to contain. Other selections of less modern origin which, by their ever-increasing hold upon the public favor, attest their genuine merit, are also inserted.

Especial endeavor has been made by the author to make it a lucid self-instructor for those who have no teacher, or who have had but a few lessons in elocution.

INTRODUCTION.

Elocution is the art of the vocal and visible expression of thought. Upon the voice depends vocal expression. Upon the face, the action and the attitude, depends visible expression.

Elocution is thus derived: "E," meaning out, "loqui," to speak, and "ion," the act of. Etymologically, then, elocution is the art, or the act, or the manner of speaking out.

Thought is expressed or carried out along two great avenues, viz., speech and gesture. To the eye the former appeals, to the ear the latter.

Elocution, in its broadest sense, means more than manner. It is quite important that one have something to say as well as to be able to say something well.

The teacher of elocution, while justly laying great stress upon vocal and physical culture, should also insist on good, choice English in right rhetorical order, according to the laws of grammar. Webster, in substance, thus defines elocution: 1. Expression of thought by speech and gesture. 2. Art of delivery. 3. Diction in written and spoken discourse. Wooster, in other words, says the same. It is to the art of delivery I shall largely devote this chapter.

Elocution. { Manner of delivery. { Voice. / Gesture. ; Matter to be delivered. { Gram. construction. / Rhet. arrangement.

Oratory. { Expression, vocal and visible. / Expression, rhetorical.

Eloquence. { How. { Diction. / Delivery. ; What. { Thought. / Arrangement.

Rhetoric. { Composition. { Thought. / Style. ; Art of delivery. { Voice. / Manner.

According to standard authorities the terms Elocution, Oratory, Eloquence and Rhetoric are in the main synonymous. Formerly, the most prominent division of rhetoric was what is now known as elocution. However, it has so far drifted from that position as now to be confined almost wholly to written discourse.

In a restricted sense, elocution refers to the delivery of the words of another. Oratory deals more particularly with the delivery of one's own thoughts. The training in the two is identical. Eloquence means more than either. Elocution and oratory are external. They are arts. Eloquence is both external and internal. It is soul, quickened and projected by a magnetic delivery.

Rhetoric is the silent theory underlying all the others.

Elocution is the art of vocal and physical culture.

Oratory is the application of elocution in delivering one's own words.

Eloquence combines and immortalizes them all.

PLAN OF STUDIES.

I. Respiration. { Inspiration, / Expiration.

INSPIRATORY MOVEMENTS.

1. Lateral expansion of chest.
2. Vertical expansion of chest.
3. Side expansion.
4. Back expansion.
5. Abdominal expansion.
6. Waist expansion.
7. Waist and chest expansion combined.
8. Inhalation prolonged to the utmost.
9. Full inhalation in quickest possible time.

EXPIRATORY MOVEMENTS.

1. Prolonged to the utmost effusively.
2. Prolonged to the utmost expulsively
3. Quickly given out explosively.

II. Physical Culture. { Vocal Gymnastics. / Breath Gymnastics. / Body Movements.

III. Articulation—

1. Elemental Sounds.
2. Special treatment of Consonants.
3. Difficult combinations.
4. Phonetic Drill.
5. Fundamentals, applicable alike to all languages.

IV. Orthoepy. { Laws which govern pronunciation. / Practice in pronunciation.

V. Vocal Drill. { Force. / Purity. / Flexibility. / Volume. / Compass. / Modulation. / Expulsive control. / Explosive control. / Prolonged tones. / Tremulous tones.

Tones prolonged to the utmost. { Evenness of tone. / Smoothness of tone. / Sameness of pitch. / Equality of vibrations.

VI. Quality.
1. Pure in conversation.
2. Pure in public address.
3. Pectoral.
4. Orotund.
5. Guttural.
6. Falsetto.
7. Nasal.
8. Aspirated.

VII. Gesture.
- Attitude.
- Action.
- Facial Expression.

VIII. Delivery or Expression.
- Reading.
- Recitation.
- Declamation.
- Impersonation.
- Dialects.
- Character sketching.
- Dramatic, Heroic,
- Humorous and
- Pathetic renditions.

Pitch or Key.
- High.
- Middle.
- Low.

Physical Force.
- Subdued.
- Moderate.
- Intense.

Volume.
- Slight.
- Moderate.
- Full.

Time.
- Rate.
- Quantity.

Rate.
- Deliberate.
- Moderate.
- Rapid.

Quantity.
- Prolonged.
- Average.
- Brief.

Slide.
- Upward.
- Downward.
- Combined.

Pause.
- Syntactical.
- Rhetorical.

CHAPTER I.

RESPIRATION.

In elocution, mastery of the breath is a fundamental and essential condition of success.

The great actor, Talma, in his earlier efforts would, in the more violent passages, so exhaust himself that he would drop against the wings for support. One day he saw Dorival play in a part requiring much energy. He noticed that Dorival seemed to work with ease. "How does the man do it!" was his exclamation. "I am ten times stronger than he, but he gets ten times less tired than I."

He asked Dorival why it was, but got no satisfaction.

Determining to know his secret, Talma, in disguise, visited Dorival's next performance. During the second act Talma rushed out crying, "I've got it!" It was by skillful management of breath that Dorival husbanded his strength. His lungs were kept well supplied with air and his breath was given out economically.

TEACHERS.

Ah! how much weariness would be spared the teachers in our public schools, did they understand this matter of breath economy!

DIVINES.

How many ministers might escape Monday morning prostration if they only understood the same!

Breathing exercises, moreover, are medicinal. Through them the feeblest circulation is quickened; cold hands and feet grow warm; the pallid face flushes; the sluggish pores will open, and the body will be thrown into

a gentle perspiration. By them pure air is driven into lung-cells; weak lungs are enlarged and strengthened; indigestion is removed, and the entire being is invigorated.

BREATHING.

DIRECTIONS.

Fill the lungs quickly, deeply, reposefully. It is not necessary to lift the shoulders nor to gasp. The air will go into the lungs by virtue of its own weight, if given an opportunity.

Do not try to keep the lungs over-extended with air. That is unnatural and tiresome, and cripples speech.

INHALATIONS.

Practice prolonging the inhalation to the utmost. Beginners rarely succeed in surpassing twenty seconds in their early efforts. A few weeks, with ten minutes practice each day, will enable the student to reach a full minute in a single inhalation.

EXHALATIONS.

Practice prolonged exhalations, after a quick, full inhalation.

After a quick, deep inhalation, give out the breath expulsively, prolonging it to the utmost. Take six such exercises in rapid succession, unless interrupted by dizziness, by faintness, or by palpitation of the heart. In such cases, cease the exercise for a time, but resume and re-resume until such symptoms wholly vanish.

Inhaling as above, give out the breath explosively. Repeat the effort a half dozen times, taking great care to open well the throat before expelling the breath. Otherwise the throat would be irritated by this practice. For those who are accustomed to reading and speaking with congested throats, producing, as it in-

variably must, sore throat, the above practice will prove highly beneficial.

Inhale noiselessly. To see a reader or speaker struggling, or to hear him gurgling over his inspirations, is most disagreeable. There are tragic, or deeply emotional passages, in the skillful rendering of which, audible inhalation enhances the effect. In this matter let "discretion be your tutor."

WASTE NO BREATH.

Reading and speaking demand so much vitality that the strongest have no breath to fritter away. Convert all that escapes into voice, and you have learned the secret which Talma sought. That is the key-note to repose and reserve force.

LUNGS.

1. With tape measure around bust at rest, see how many inches in circumference you can expand. Repeat six times.

WAIST.

2. With tape around the waist at rest, inhale, noting the amount of expansion. In this exercise the lungs are lengthened vertically, their pushing down accounting, in great part, for the waist enlargement.

SIDES.

3. With fingers spread upon the sides, inhale deeply, swelling the costal muscles as much as possible. Repeat six times. Shoulders still. Chest passive.

BACK.

4. Spreading fingers upon the back, take full inhalation six times, noting each time the effect on the dorsal muscles. Quiet shoulders. Passive lungs.

ABDOMEN.

5. Fingers pointing forward and downward from the belt, inhale six times deeply, cultivating the greatest possible action of the abdominal muscles. Don't lift the shoulders. Keep the chest quiet.

6. Combine the last three in a single inhalation, repeating six times. Upon the tone and strength of these muscles depends projectile power in speech. Speakers of both sexes, large in chest and great in weight, surprise us often with their feeble voices. That their voices are so small and weak is due largely to the throwing of the burden of speech upon the throat and upper chest muscles. Diseases of the throat and lungs and exhaustion of the vital functions must follow.

In the production of the voice, the fulcrum of power *should* lie in the muscles of the waist.

FORMULAS.

PROBLEM FIRST.

1. Weight to be lifted—The voice.
2. Fulcrum of power—A congested throat.
3. Lever short.
4. Quotient—Debility. Sore throat. Weak lungs. Feeble circulation. Torpid liver. Voice small and frail. Life short.

PROBLEM SECOND.

1. Weight to be lifted—The voice.
2. Fulcrum of power—Muscles of the waist.
3. Lever long.
4. Result—Strength. Health. Sound throat. Vigorous lungs. Active circulation. Lively liver. Voice deep and resonant. Life prolonged.

Choose ye which ye will.

7th and finally—Combine in one thoroughly prolonged inhalation the waist and lung expansion. Begin by gradual enlargement of the waist. Without

allowing the waist to contract, continue the expansion throughout the entire range of the lungs. Invalids who, for years, have not experienced a healthful perspiration will find this exercise causing to tingle their very finger's tips; their feet to glow with warmth, and the lungs to thrill in every part with pleasure. Repeated a half dozen times, it will scarcely fail to produce some degree of perspiration.

CHAPTER II.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

One form of physical culture, breath gymnastics, has already been treated. Another form, vocal gymnastics, will be defined, in the main, under the head of Vocal Culture.

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Place hands upon sides, fingers fronting forward. Give the vowels with full force and volume, with much costal action.

2. Hands on sides, fingers pointing backward. Give vowels as above, with much dorsal action.

3. Fingers pressing upon the abdominal muscles, bring them into active exercise by above methods.

In all these exercises see that the shoulders remain quiet and the chest almost passive. The less they perform the more active will be the waist. Even the most forcible utterances do not lift the shoulders unless something in the nature of the sentiment demands it. Thousands are marred by this ungainly lifting and laboring with the shoulders.

BODY MOVEMENTS.

Body Movements is the name we have given the third form of physical culture. They may be divided into:

1. Gesture. 2. Calisthenics. The former we will treat in a later division.

CALISTHENICS.

1. Finger movements.
2. Wrist movements.
3. Elbow movements.
4. Shoulder movements.
5. Full arm movements.
6. Head movements.
7. Trunk movements.
8. Ankle movements.
9. Knee movements.
10. Full limb movements.

FINGER MOVEMENTS.

Arms extended. Front. Horizontal. Allowing the hands to droop, put the fingers into rapid vibration, moving them freely at all the joints. This may be continued for at least one minute at each drill.

WRIST MOVEMENTS.

Hands hanging limp from the wrists, move them rapidly up and down, from side to side, and in circles.

ELBOW MOVEMENTS.

With all the muscles relaxed from the elbows down, carry the fore-arms and hands through the above series of movements.

SHOULDER MOVEMENTS.

Transferring the pivoted point to the shoulders, movements as above.

FIRST FULL ARM MOVEMENTS.

Position.—Hands clinched and placed upon breast well back toward points of shoulders.

1. Bring right hand forcibly down in front, resting

for a moment at the side, and return forcibly to the starting point. Repeat four times, counting "one" "and," "two" "and," "three" and," "four" "and."

2. Left hand through similar movements, counting, "five" "and," "six" "and," "seven" "and," "eight" "and."

3. Alternately four times, sending the right hand down on "one," bringing right hand back and thrusting left hand down simultaneously on "and," reversing on "two," reversing on "and," reversing on "three," reversing on "and," reversing on "four," bringing right hand back to join the left on chest on "and."

4. Both down on "five," back on "and," down on "six," back on "and," down on "seven," back on "and," down on "eight" and back on "and."

SECOND FULL ARM MOVEMENT—CIRCULAR.

Position.—Hands clinched on chest.

1. Both hands downward, forward, upward and back to starting point in an unbroken circular movement, counting "one," as the hands go down and completing the circuit on "and." Repeat through eight counts, or one strain of music.

THIRD FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hands clinched and arms extended horizontally.

1. Bring rigid right arm up in line with the ear and back to starting point. Do this four times, counting as above.

2. Left arm up and back four times.

3. Alternately four times, lifting right arm on "one," returning right arm and lifting left arm simultaneously on "and," reversing until "four" is counted, then on "and" bring right arm back to keep company with the left in horizontal position.

4. Both arms up and back four times.

FOURTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Right hand clinched, horizontal, front.

1. Describe a circle of two feet in diameter through "four," "and."

2. Left hand as above, through "five," "and," "eight," "and," inclusive.

3. Rotate both, simultaneously, right hand moving from right to left, and left hand the reverse, through "four," "and."

4. Both hands, simultaneously, from right to left, through "five," "and," "eight," "and," inclusive.

FIFTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Repeat above movements with hands out at the sides.

SIXTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Arms extended horizontally, front, hands open, palms together.

1. Throw arms straight back in the horizontal plane until backs of the hands come together behind. Repeat through "eight," "and," the hands coming together in front each time on "and."

SEVENTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hands clinched and resting in the arm-pits, with the wrists bending outward from the sides.

1. Thrust right arm straight down along the side on "one." Back to the starting point on "and." Do the same four times.

2. Left hand the same.

3. Alternately, four times, thrusting the right hand down on "one," bringing it back while thrusting left hand down, alternating until the count of "and" after "four" brings the right at rest in arm-pit.

4. Both hands down and up, simultaneously, four times.

EIGHTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hand clinched, resting on shoulders, thrusting up and bringing back, same order as above.

NINTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hands clinched and resting against the hips, arms rigid.

1. Bring rigid right arm up at the side until it rests against the head. Back on "and." This four times.

2. Left arm, likewise, four times.

3. Alternately, four times, first lifting the right arm on "one"—then dropping right arm as the left is lifted.

4. Both up, simultaneously, bringing clinched hands into contact, both back to starting points on "and." Four times.

TENTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Repeat above movements to the front, keeping head and body quiet, and not allowing the arms to bend at the elbows when brought to the front, head high.

ELEVENTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hands clinched and resting on chest.

1. Right hand to the front, resting at hip on "one," back on "and." Then up, vertically from the shoulder, on "two," back on "and." Four times, thus down and back, up and back.

2. Left hand likewise.

3. Alternately four times, thrustiug right hand down and left hand up, simultaneously, on "one," both back to chest on "and."

4. Both down on "one." Both back on "and." Both up on "two." Both back on "and." Four times.

TWELFTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Both hands clinched, resting on chest.

1. Both hands thrust to the right side as far as possible without moving the feet, maintaining a perpendicular position with the body and head. Both hands back to chest on "and," with the face to the front in repose.

Both hands thrust to the left, turning body as far as possible without moving the feet, standing erect. Both hands back on "and," facing to front. Repeat four times.

2. Both hands to the right side, turning body with the arms, feet stationary, on "one." Back to starting point on "and." Four times.

3. Same movements four time to the left.

THIRTEENTH FULL ARM MOVEMENT.

Position.—Hands clinched, resting on chest, feet firmly together.

1. Without bending the knees forward, thrust both hands downward, touching the floor with the finger tips. To the starting point on "and." Four times.

CHIN AND "ADAM'S APPLE."

Position.—Natural.

1. Bring the two together on "one." To the starting point on "and." Push them far apart on "two"—starting point on "and." Four times.

"ADAM'S APPLE," CHIN AND TONGUE.

Position.—Natural.

1. Thrust all three forward to the utmost on "one." Starting point on "and."

2. Thrust all three as far back as possible on "two." Starting point on "and." Same movements four times.

HEAD MOVEMENTS.

Position.—Natural.

1. On "one" drop the head as nearly as you can to

the right shoulder. Starting point on "and." Same movement to the left on "two." Starting point on "and." Four times.

2. Drop the head forward on "one." Starting point on "and." Backward on "two." Starting point on "and." Four times.

3. Right, back, left, front, left, back, right, up. Four times.

TRUNK MOVEMENTS.

Position.—Body erect, arms hanging loosely at the sides, hands open.

1. Bend body from the hips to the right side on "one." Starting point on "and." Same movement to the left on "two." Starting point on "and." Four times.

2. Bend body to the front from hips on "one." Erect on "and." Same movement backward on "two." Erect on "and." Four times.

3. Right, back, left, front, left, back, right, up. Four times.

These Calisthenic exercises, throughout, are intended to give tone and strength to *all* the muscles that *should* be used in vocal utterance.

For many of them I am indebted to my *alma mater*, the "National School of Elocution and Oratory."

CHAPTER III.

ARTICULATION.

In reading, in singing and in speech, distinct articulation is of the utmost importance. It is the duty of the performer to make himself easily understood. By so much as one absorbs the vitality of an audience in an effort to understand, by that much is one's effectiveness lessened. It is not only discourteous to an audi-

ence to so put it on a strain, but suicidal to the best interests of the speaker.

The singer, or speaker, has no more right to present an audience with a faulty articulation, than he has to appear in an unbecoming costume.

A voice of moderate strength and volume, sustained by clear, distinct articulation, will make itself understood by a much larger number of people than could the most colossal volume, crippled by ill articulation.

The only savior for those who inherit impetuosity, is careful articulation. Those who, by nature, do all things quickly, will find great safety in giving special attention to the consonants. Vowels frequently drown the consonants. Be sure you so vocalize the consonants that they will carry to the ears of the listeners. Then, however rapid the speech, you will surely make your words heard.

SOUNDS—HOW MADE.

1. Long ā.

Tongue somewhat elevated and thickened, the sides resting against the upper side teeth. By parting well the teeth and slightly projecting and rounding the lips, the quality of tone will be much improved.

2. Short ă.

Made as is long ā, except that the tongue is lowered and pushed further forward, accompanied by a similar change in the movement of the lower jaw.

3. Long Italian ä.

Differs from long ā in that the lips are somewnat more widely parted, and the tongue drawn further back with tip depressed.

4. Short Italian ȧ.

Tongue almost at rest, teeth slightly apart and lips, more widely parted.

5. Long Flat â.

Teeth and lips farther apart, with tongue higher and broader than for short Italian à.

6. Long ē.

Tongue elevated, flattened, and pressed against the upper side teeth. The sound is improved by widely parting the teeth and projecting and rounding the lips. In fact, this last suggestion is equally applicable to all the vowels.

7. Short ĕ.

Differs from long ē, by a dropping of the tip of the tongue downward and forward, with a like action of the chin.

8. Tilde ẽ.

Tongue thickened, forward part pressing against the upper side teeth; lips and teeth widely parted.

9. Long ī.

Compound movement of tongue and teeth. 1. Tongue pushed back, and thickened at the base, on the "ah" sound—teeth well apart. 2. Position as above defined for long ē.

10. Short ĭ.

Like long ē, except that the tip of the tongue is somewhat lower, and a little less broadened.

11. Long ō.

Tongue pressed far back into the roof of the mouth; teeth very greatly parted; lips puffed and rounded, leaving small opening.

12. Short ŏ.

Base of tongue less elevated, and lips much more widely parted than in long ō.

13. Broad ô.

Same as long ō, except a larger mouth-opening, and less elevation of the base of the tongue. This sound requires larger mouth-room than that of any other one in the language.

14. Long ū.

Compound. For the first position see long ī (No. 9). For the second see long o͞o (No. 17).

15. Short ŭ.

A wider opening of the lips, with a depression of the tip of the tongue, will convert long ū into short ŭ.

16. Broad û.

Like tilde ẽ, only that the tongue is made shorter and thicker, and the teeth are more widely parted.

17. Long o͞o, also marked o̱.

Differs from the long ō position (see 11) in that the lips are more closely compressed and the lower jaws projected a little further forward.

18. Short o͝o, marked also o̲.

Lips more widely parted and teeth more nearly together than in long o͞o.

19. Diphthong oi.

Compound movement. See broad ô and short ĭ.

20. Diphthong ou.

Compound. See long Italian ä and long o͞o.

21. b.

Lips compressed. Before parting them vocalize the breath.

22. d.

Teeth parted; tip of tongue pressed against base of upper front teeth. Vocalize before removing the tongue.

23. g.

Teeth apart; sides of tongue pressing against the middle-roof of the mouth. Vocalize while in that position.

24. j.

Like g, except tongue is pressed further forward, and teeth are brought more nearly together. A slightly aspirated sound is heard at the close of vocalization.

25. l.

Teeth parted, and well covered by the lips; tongue at tip against the upper front teeth. Vocalize.

26. m.

Lips slightly compressed. Vocalize. Tone partakes slightly of the nasal.

27. n.

Teeth apart; tip of tongue against base of upper front teeth. Vocalize. Nasal tone enters to some extent.

28. Underlined n.

Mouth opened; tongue drawn back; base of tongue so thickened and situated as to direct the air into the nasal passages. It is a commingling of the sounds of n and g.

29. r.

Chin projected and flattened—teeth parted—lower

lip drawn tightly over lower teeth—sides of the forward part of the tongue pressed against the upper side teeth—tip of tongue free and vibratory at moment of vocalization. The simple r is made by being once driven from its position and once returning. A series of such movements produces the trill. The latter should be conscientiously avoided when not demanded by the sense.

30. Sonant th.

Tip of tongue against tip of upper teeth. Vocalize.

31. v.

Under lip against tip of upper teeth. While in this position vocalize.

32. w.

The letter as it stands is made up of the sounds of d, short ŭ, b, l, y, long double o͞o. When found in company with other letters it has but one sound, made with organs in almost precisely the position as already defined for long ō, there being a little less opening of the lips, and less lowering of the lower jaw.

33. y.

For this sound, draw the lips further back with larger opening of the mouth than for w.

34. z.

Tip of tongue back of the upper front gums—side of tongue against upper side teeth—teeth uncovered and almost together—tone and breath united.

35. zh.

Differs from z by a slight retraction of the lower jaw and a similar movement of the tongue.

36. ch.

Differs little from position for j (see 24), only that the breath is aspirated instead of being vocalized.

37. f.

Same position as for v (see 31). Aspirating instead of vocalizing.

38. h.

As it stands it is equivalent to long ā and ch. When found with other letters it consists of a single breath sound. Tongue drawn back and elevated; teeth and lips parted; drive out the aspirated breath by abdominal action.

39. k.

Lips and teeth as in h; middle part of tongue pressed against the mouth just in front of the palate. Force the breath out by a quick action of the diaphragm.

40. p.

Similar in position to b (see 21). Gather the breath against the lips. The pushing of them apart by the unvocalized breath gives the sound of p.

41. s.

Little change from position of z (see 34). Teeth slightly wider apart and lower jaw a little more relaxed. It is a hissing sound which, overdone, makes utterance highly unattractive.

42. t.

Position as for d (see 22). Explode the gathered breath aspirately by sudden removal of the tongue.

43. Nonsonant th.

The position for sonant th (see 30), changed by a

slight removal of the tip of the tongue from the teeth, and forcing out of the aspirated breath.

44. sh.

With the organs in position for zh (see 35), part the teeth a trifle, and slightly relax the lower jaw. Aspirate, forcibly, the breath.

ARTICULATION EXERCISES.

1. Did you go to town?
2. Would you fan the flame?
3. Could you count the cost?
4. Should you sell seashells?
5. Won't you turn his mind?
6. Can't you come to-day?
7. Shan't you remain all year?
8. He is a man of high culture.
9. His gestures are somewhat florid.
10. He ineffectually paves the way.
11. His obituary has not been written.
12. His fortune is virtually made.
13. He is a man of broad education.
14. The furniture in the room is costly.
15. In form and feature he is handsome.
16. In virtue she surpasseth them all.
17. His baths, and oaths, and paths and wreaths are innumerable.
18. Many truths by many youths are spoken.
19. In the matter of thought, he has been carefully taught.
20. A bright thought flashed into his mind.
21. Premonitions avail but little.
22. The communist cries—"Demolition."
23. The relaxation of the muscles is conducive to low pitch.
24. He speaks of all that's good with utter detestation.

25. He prematurely promulgated the prelude of his predecessor.

26. His protestation that his partner in matrimony should receive alimony prevented his molestation until his economical turn of mind was shown by his presentation of a niggardly pittance.

27. His adventure was a caricature on the creature.

28. His fortune for the future was made by his election to the legislature.

29. To ameliorate the condition of mankind the courtier sometimes contributes.

30. To be a plebeian is, by some, considered a misfortune.

31. Sculpture flourishes in the medium temperature, while the Pleiades shine brightest on a frosty air.

32. It is absolutely true that he alluded to his aptitude with a dubious air, and opened anew the avenues of consuming passions.

33. To deduce aright, one must not delude, be he duke or dupe, and to elucidate the truth he should exclude, with enthusiasm, all that is obscure.

34. He intuitively introduced the Jew, and flew into a tumultuous review of the stupid institutions of the past.

35. It is evident that while he is honest, and innocent, and fluent, and gifted, that he is a remorseless aspirant for fame's resplendent crown.

36. His pallid face, and faultless form, and ripeness of speech, and melancholy mien, would indicate that he was an aspirant for clerical honors.

37. His declamatory style in the dedicatory remarks, was derogatory to his cause, and should teach him that, in prefatory statements, he should remain within the territory of conversational simplicity.

38. From the fog sprang his noble dog.

39. He will, at any cost, be gone.

40. His cross was often heavy.

41. Her pretty, soft hand, and her beautiful song, entranced the vast throng.
42. The duke was out of tune.
43. She played her lute in the county institute.
44. He was on the verge of doffing the ermine.
45. His purpose was an earnest one.
46. Mirth is a fertile source of health.
47. He is exempt from preëmption law.
48. Would we were rational in all national matters.
49. To advance his cause, he at last undertook the task of blasting the communistic class, who bask in the rays of others' prosperity.
50. His form was laid beneath the yew-tree's shade, and in that narrow cell he lies, hidden forever from all mortal eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

ORTHOEPY.

To be disregardful of little things, is no evidence of greatness. There are those who say: "Let that man alone. Leave him as God made him. Don't touch his gesture, his voice, his speech. Let him be natural. When the crisis comes he will be equal to any emergency." There are men who think that though they daily talk in rasping tones, and in ignorance of all grammatical or rhetorical law, and in words ill-pronounced—that when the responsibility comes and they face a judge, or jury, or audience, they will do all these things well. With as much reason we would expect a man, ignorant of Physiology, Anatomy and Hygiene, to be able, skillfully, to handle the most complicated case of surgery, on the heat of the occasion.

That is not the way in which we argue if we wish a pilot across the sea. We ask for an educated rather than an inspirational engineer. We apply common sense

to almost any profession, save the one of Oratory. If you will but observe, you will find that those who think that it matters little how they stand, or how they look, or in what voice they speak, or how they pronounce—men who would take offense were you to criticise them on one of those points—are holders of a $600 annual salary—when they can collect it. These things are not too small for a great man, but they are too large for a narrow man.

The higher the position held and the greater the influence wielded, the more conscientiously should the speaker pronounce his words correctly.

"Oh! he says 'der-read' for dread, and he's a leader; surely, I can say it who am a private."

"He says 'culch-er' for culture, and he is one of the most prominent speakers in the country."

"He says 'inef-feck-chew-al' for ineffectual, and he has no small salary."

"He says 'diju go?' for did you go?' and 'won chu stay?' for won't you stay? and 'ejucation' for education, and *he* draws large houses." He draws the houses *despite* his butcheries, not because *of* them.

RULES GOVERNING PRONUNCIATION.

The letter a, composing an unaccented syllable or an unemphasized word, takes the sound of short Italian à. When accented or emphasized it is long ā.

Short Italian à.

Such words as àsk, tàsk, pàst, gràss, repàst, are by multitudes incorrectly called ăsk, tăsk, păst, grăss, repăst. Others say äsk, täsk, päst, gräss repäst.

Below is given a few of the words in common use, requiring the short Italian à.

The short Italian à is frequently given as short ĕ, short ĭ, or long ā.

Annà, not Annĕ; Alabämà, not Alabămy; Dakotä, not Dakotā.

The short Italian ä is found mainly in monosyllables ending in

ff, ft, nce, nch, nt, sk, sp, st, ss. Ask, task, bask, cask, flask, mask, asp, grasp, clasp, gasp, against, anew, asleep, aghast, repast, contrast, among, advance, entrance, enhance, advantage, basket, casket, blanch, cranch, branch, blast, past, mast, hast, cast, passed, caste, fast, last, brass, grass, mass, class, glass, lass, pass, amass, alas, bombast, chaff, quaff, staff, chance, glance, prance, trance, dance, lance, chant, slant, grant, pant, ant, craft, graft, abaft, draught, draft, quaffed, baft, shaft, waft, ghastly, vastly, lastly, pasture, pastor, castor, plaster, vaster, rafter, grafter.

Long Italian ä.

This sound is often perverted so much as to be given like short ă. Say neither—

lawnch, nor länch,	ăunt, nor awnt,	flăunt, nor flawnt,	găunt, nor gawnt,	călf, nor cawf,	hălf, nor hawf.

Below is given a short list of words containing long Italian ä: äh, pä, mä, bäh, ärt, heärt, pärt, märt, cärt, tärt, äunt, gäunt, fläunt, täunt, aväunt, bälm, psälm, cälm, călf, hälf, läugh, läughter, läughable, däuntless, aväunt, läundry.

A, before terminal *r*, or *rr*, in monasyllabic words, unless itself be preceded by *w*, has the sound of long Italian ä, as in fär, tär, cär, chär, stär.

Long flat â.

Many speak pear as though it were pronounced payer, and stare like stayer. Say peâr, pâir, câre, stâre, shâre, flâre, teâr, weâr, fâir, snâre, etc.

Long ē.

Nēar, not nâre. Fēar, not fâre. Spēar, not spâre.

Short ĕ.

Giftĕd, not giftĭd. Innŏcĕnt, not innysŭnt. Honĕst, not honĭst. Decĕnt, not decŭnt. Requiĕm, not requiŭm. Ripenĕss, not ripenŭss.

Tilde ē.

Ẽarth, not ûrth. Gĩrl is not gûrl. Mĩrth, not mûrth. Fĩrst, not fûrst.

Pronounce girl, twirl, whirl, birth, earth, girth, earl, pearl, earn, fern, discern, her, fir, myrrh, firm, rehearse, cracker, broker,

maker, striker, nadir, southern, eastern, fertile, perfect, persuade, permanent, perform, permeate.

Long ī.

Say fīne, not foine. Shīne, not shoine. Kīnd, not coyand.

Short ĭ.

Say pallĭd, not pallŭd. Inspĭration, not insperation. Beautĭful, not beautŭful. Dedĭcatory, not dedācatory. Defĭcĭt, not defŭcĕt.

P. S.—Let all the short vowels be given quickly, crisply, clearly.

Long ō.

Say mōre, not mawr. Fōur, not fôr. Gōre, not gawr. Bōard, not bawrd. Innōcent, not innĭcent.

Short ŏ.

Avoid broad ô and do not drawl the short ŏ. Say dŏg, not dawg. Fŏg, not fawg. Sŏd, not sawd. Gŏd, not gawd.

Pronounce hog, off, often, soft, cross, cost, accost, gone, long, song, thong, prong, strong, moss, gloss, grog, frog, plod, nod, hod, pod, rod.

Broad ô.

Say thôught, not thŏt. Caught, not cŏt. Fôught, not fŏt. Taught (tawt), not tŏt. Sôught, not sŏt. Fraught (frawt), not frŏt.

Pronounce gaudy, pawn, morn, George, gorge, Gaul, pall, fall, stall, tall, shawl, mortgage, thought, caught, sought, taught.

Long o͞o.

Say ro͞ot, not ro͝ot. Fo͞od, not fo͝od. So͞on, not so͝on.

Pronounce rood, mood, brood, hoof, proof, truth, groom, bloom, tomb, boon, soon, moon, fool, pool, tool, room, noon, wound. U equals o͞o when preceded by r, s, sh, z, zh. Rude, sure, azure.

Short o͝o.

Say go͝od, not gŭd. Full (o͝o), not fŭl. Pull (o͝o), not pŭl. Fo͝ot, not fŭt.

Pronounce book, took, nook, full, pull, hook, pullet, put, push.

Long ū.

In many sections of the country this letter is sadly mutilated. It suffers at the hands of high and low, rich and poor, black and white. It is a handsome letter when properly pronounced. Perhaps nine-tenths, even among the educated classes, give long o͞o for long ū. Very few people would say beautifnl (bo͞otiful), but the same people who say beautiful (bŭtiful), will pronounce dew (do͞o), new (no͞o), lute (lo͞ot), duke (do͞ok) or (jo͞ok).

Do not say to͞on, for tūne.
" " " plo͞om, for plūme.
" " " enthō͞osiasm, for enthūsiasm.
" " " do͞oly, for dūly.
" " " no͞o, for new.
" " " allo͞od, for allūde.

Short ŭ.

Say hiatŭs, not hiatĭs. Herbivoroŭs, not herbivorĭs. Gŭms, no gōmes nor go͞oms.

Pronounce up, sup, tub, hub, cup, flood, blood, must, just, trust, dust.

d.

Say deduce, not dejuce. Duly, not july. Deducible, not dejucible. Duty, not juty. Induce, not injuce.

Pronounce duty, duly, deduce, durable, endure, enduring, verdure.

yo͞o.

Say fortūne, not forcho͞on, or forchŭn, or forchĭn, or forchĕn. Say fūture (fūtyo͞or), not fūchĕr. Say gestūre (gestyo͞or), not jeschĕr. Say sculptūre (sculptyo͞or), not sculpchĕr. Say plebeian (plebeyan), pleiads (pleyăds). Say furn'itūre (furnityo͞or), not furnichŭr.

ē. û. r.

The above three letters, in their mastery, cost students more toil than any others in the list. Practice them frequently.

ēarth,	earl,	earn,	learn,	stern,
pûrge,	furl,	urn,	burn,	turn.

à. ă. â.

This is another trinity of difficulties. To distinguish neatly, one from the other, requires much practice.

ànt,	tăsh,	plănt,	marthà,
măt,	hănd,	plăid,	guăranty,
âir,	peâr,	prâyer,	scârcely,

c.

The letter c never appears so in phonic writing.

c = k, in care.
c = s, in cent.
c = sh, in ocean.

ch.

ch = ch, in chain.
ch = sh, in chaise.
ch = k, in chaos.

Do not say queschun for question. Ineffechual for ineffectual. Ejucation for education. Virchue for virtue.

ain.

This combination is, quite often, equivalent to in. Mountain. Fountain.

an.

In such words as and, hand, man, there are two errors to avoid: ănd, not änd nor ànd; hănd, not hawnd nor hànd; măn, not mŏn nor màn; spăn, not spăĕn nor spàn.

b.

After m, in the same syllable, the letter b is usually silent, as bomb, comb, dumb, lamb, numb, tomb. Rhomb is one of a few exceptions.

c.

c = k in sceptic and scirrhus.
c = s in censure, cent and many other words.
c = z in suffice, sacrifice and discern.
c, before e, i and y, as a rule, has the sound of s.

accent.	cymbal.	cygnet.
decent.	cinder.	juicy.
excite.	celery.	celebrate.

d.

In words, or syllables, ending with the sound of d, care should be taken not to allow the tongue to be pushed from its position by unvocalized breath, in which case it becomes t. Again, do not prolong the sound, nor slight it. Find the golden mean.

dread = drĕd, not dĕr-red.
drive = drīv, not dĕr-rīv.

e.

With exception of a, e added to monosyllables in which r, or rr, is terminal preceded by a vowel, converts the vowel into its long sound.

car + e = câre.
far + e = fâre.
star + e = stare.
her + e = hēre.
sir + e = sīre.
for + e = fōre.
cur + e = cure.

ed.

Usually, in verbs, ed = t, while ed retains the sound of e when used adjectively.

Verbs and Participles.

blessed. worked.
cursed. incensed.

Participial Adjectives.

blessed.	abhorred.	aged.
cursed.	condemned.	famed.

el.

Terminal el ordinarily retains the e in utterance, as in rebel, barrel, bushel, camel, cancel, channel, chapel, chisel, gravel, gospel, hovel, novel, kennel, model, squirrel, tassel, travel, tunnel.

Exceptions.—Barbel, betel, chattel, dragel, drivel, easel, grovel, hazel, mantel, mussel, navel, ousel, ravel, rivel, scovel, shovel, shrivel, shekel, snivel, swingel, swivel, teasel, toggel, towsel, weasel.

en.

Terminal en usually drops the e, as in chasen, driven, even, fasten, given, heaven, leaven, often, riven, soften, taken.

Among the exceptions are: Aspen, chicken, hyphen, gluten, kitchen, lichen, linden, marten, milten, jerken, latten, mynchen,

patten, platen, rowen, sudden, pollen, omen, linen, siren, sloven, wicken, woolen, yewen.

er.

These two sounds, which freely coalesce, are by many separated, thus:

fear is fēr, not fēĕr.
terrible is tĕrĭbl, not tŭrŭbl.
vernal is vērnăl, not vŭrnŭl.

et.

The same may be said of this combination:

set is sĕt, not sĕŭt.
met is mĕt, not mĕŭt.

g.

Following e, i, or y, g almost always takes the sound of j.

gentry.	girl.	gyration.
gender.	gin.	gymnast.
germane.	giant.	gympsum.

Exceptions.—Gelding, geese, giving, girt, muggy, foggy.

grew = grōō, not gĕr-rōō.
guard = gärd, not gē-yärd.
grand = grand, not gēr-rănd.

With h between g and e, i, or y, g has its hard sound. Gherkin.

h.

why = hwī.	when = hwĕn.
where = hwâr.	what = hwŏt, etc.

il.

Terminal il commonly sounds the i, as in civil and pencil. It is silent in dev·· evil and weavil.

in.

The same is true of the i, in terminal in, as in martin, replevin. It is silent in basin, cousin, raisin.

om.

In this combination the o is frequently pronounced short ŭ, as in bomb, bombast, come, comely, comfort.

on.

Likewise in the combination on, the o is often pronounced short ŭ. Briton, cordon, ebon, piston, ribbon, sexton, wanton. In hexagon, octagon, etc., the o is short. In bacon, beacon, beckon, etc., the e is silent.

ou.

count = k-ou-nt, not kē-yount.
kind = k-ī-nd, not ke-yīnd.

ow.

cow = kou, not kē-yow.
now = nou, not nā-yow.

r.

Say car, not caw, nor kēar. Hair, not hä. Birth, not bŭth. Nor, not naw. Patter, not pattah. Scatter, not scattah. Bar, not bah. Forlorn, not fawlaun. Farm, not fahm.

rr.

When two r's come together in the same word, but one is usually sounded. For no other reason should r ever be suppressed.

Fûrry = fûrĭ. Cărry = kărĭ.
Hŭrry = hŭrĭ. Mărry = mărĭ.

s.

Retain the sound of s in the following words: Absorb, Asia, Asiatic, basalt, Bismark, cassimere, conservator, conversant, designate, desist, desultory, etc.

s = z in design, osier, composure.
s = zh in collision, delusion, persuasion.
s = sh in censure, commensurate.
shriek = shrēk, not srēk.
shrew = shrōō, not srōō.
strike = strīk, not stĕrrike.
she, under emphasis, is shē.
she, not under emphasis, is she.
to, under emphasis, equals tōō.
to, not under emphasis, equals to͝o.
tomorrow = tōōmorrō, not tĕrmorrer.

TERMINAL CONSONANTS.

These exist in almost endless variety and intricacy. To master them in their multiplied combinations, is to render the lips and tongue exceedingly flexible and trustworthy. The failure to give them proper prominence is one of the most fruitful sources of indistinctness.

Unless careful, the d in and will not be heard.
" " " t in swift will not be heard.
" " some mice will be some ice.
" " r will not be heard in dower.
" " t will not be heard in crossed.
" " pain no will be pain o.
" " rests will be res.
" " acts will be ax.
" " swept will be swep.
" " make clean will be make lean.
" " aeronaut will be arenaut.
" " aerial will be arial.
" " wreath'dst will be wreathst.
" " imprison'dst will be imprisonst.
" " attempdst will be attemst.

too.

too, under emphasis, is tō͞o.
too, not under emphasis, is to͝o.

un.

unknown is ŭnknown, not ŏnknown.
unseen is ŭnseen, not ŏnseen.
untried is ŭntried, not ŏntried.

VOWELS.

The vowels preceding r terminal, in a syllable, are short, if the next syllable begins with a vowel.

arable, perish, miracle, foreign.

Among the exceptions are: Alarum, flaring, glaring, curing, staring, wearing, etc.

The vowels are short before rr, not terminal, as: Carry, horror, sorrow, parry, tarry, furry, cherry, etc.

The vowels should not be allowed to overawe or vanquish the consonant sounds.

x.

x = ks. e. g. excuse = ĕkskūs.
x = gz. e. g. exist = ĕgzĭst.

y.

This letter never constitutes an entire word. Y, I am going to-day—is bad. Y, I said so—is bad.

z.

Wooster prefers z in many words in which Webster prefers s.

	WEBSTER.	WOOSTER.
exhume	= ekshume	= egzhume.
disarm	= disarm	= dizarm.
disaster	= disaster	= dizaster.
disdain	= disdain	= dizdain.
dishonor	= dishonor	= dizhonor.
disown	= disown	= dizown.

The preferred pronunciations of the following words are:

WEBSTER.	WOOSTER.
Prē′mature.	Prĕm′ature.
Prō′mulgate.	Prŏmulgate.
Dē′marc′ation.	Dĕm′marcation.
Dē′testa′tion.	Dĕ′testation.
Rē′laxa′tion.	Rĕl′axation.
Dē-molition.	Dĕm′olition.
Prō-testation.	Prŏt-estation.
Prē-maturely.	Prĕm′aturely.
Ē-co-nomical.	Ĕc-onomical.
Mō-lestation.	Mŏl-estation.
Prē-sentation.	Prĕs-entation.

In the following words omit the syllable indicated:

Agricultur(al)ist.
Conversation(al)ist.
Horticultur(al)ist.
Prevent(at)ive.

These vowel sounds which, under emphasis, are long, should be spoken with a tendency to the short sound when not under emphasis.

Shē, under emphasis.
Shẹ, not under emphasis.
Thē, under emphasis.
Thẹ, not under emphasis.
Their (â), under emphasis.
Their (ạ), not under emphasis.
They (ā), under emphasis.
They (ạ), not under emphasis.
To (o͞o), under emphasis.
To (o̱), not under emphasis.
Wẹ̄, under emphasis.
Wẹ, not under emphasis.
You (o͞o), under emphasis.
You (o̱), not under emphasis.
Your (o͞o), under emphasis.
Your (o̱), not under emphasis.

While Englishmen are more prone to drop letters and slight sounds in pronunciation, than are Americans, yet they possess points of superiority over us. They declaim, with little stress on the syllables of secondary accent. We, as a rule, put so much stress on this syllable that it is difficult to tell which is our primary, and which is our secondary accent. These are a few of the many words of this nature: Migratory, inventory, matrimony, dedicatory, derogatory, category, parsimony, predatory, territory, in all of which the English method is much smoother and more musical than ours.

The Golden Mean.

We should avoid extremes. New, as ne-yew is one extreme. New, as no͞o is another. In all such words strike the long ū, neatly, trippingly, inoffensively.

Guide, as ge-yde, is one extreme.

Guide, as goide, is another extreme.

Nature with the t and y widely separated and emphasized is offensive.

Nature, as nacher, is offensive.

O-bit-uary, with painful prominence given to the b and t, is bad.

Obituary, as obich-u-ary, is worse.

Did you, drawling out the d and y, is contrary to good taste.

Did you, as diju, is in no better taste.

Inspiration, with the short ĭ snappishly uttered, is to be condemned.

Inspiration, as insperation, should no less be condemned.

In all these things, while not overstepping the bounds of modesty in an attempt at precision, yet one must not fall into a slovenly, unscholarly pronunciation.

Ill Used Words.

Do not say "lit" for lighted.

Do not say "proven" for proved.

Do not say "plead" for pleaded.

Do not say "onto" for on or upon.

Do not say "gents" for gentlemen.

"Enthuse" is not in good taste.

"In our midst" is a threadbare phrase, and means "in the midst of us."

Do not say "partially" for partly.

Do not say "lady" for wife.

Do not say "helpmeet" for wife.

Do not say "helpmate" for wife.

Do not say "companion" for wife.

Do not say "lady" for woman.

"At one fell swoop" should rust into decay.

If we say "that was a 'lengthy' performance," may we not say "it was a 'strengthy' performance?"

Do not say "leniency" when "lenity" means as much.

Do not "jeopardize" your time by using so long a word, when "jeopard" is quite as good.

A "reliable" witness may lie again, but a "creditable" one may be believed.

His "pants" are all right if the man is out of breath, but "trousers" are for wear.

"Lunch" may satisfy the lowly, but "luncheon" is for him who speaks correctly.

The student does not "graduate," but is "graduated."

You are "mistaken" if you are taken for some one else. You "mistake" if you are in error.

Do not say "authoress" and "poetess."

There can be nothing "different *to*" any thing else.

"Grant" is shorter and neater than "donate."

"Think" is shorter and better than "apprehend."

"Severe," rather than "condign" punishment.

Do not say "casualty" for "accident."

Do not say "predicate" for "declare."

Do not say "alluded to" unless you merely made mention of.

Do not say "individual" for "person."

Do not say "portion" for "part."

Do not say "balance" for "remainder."

Do not say "bound" for "determined."

Do not say "widow woman" for "widow."

Do not say "own" for "confess."

Do not say "less" for "fewer."

Do not say "administer" for "dealt."

Do not say "aggravate" for "provoke."

Do not say "alone" for "only."

Do not say "amateur" for "novice."

Do not say "consider" for regard.

Never say "got" if you can avoid it. There is no such word as "illy." He does not succeed "nicely."

Do not say "overflown" for "overflowed."

No one person ever ran "pell-mell."

Present your inferiors; introduce your equals.

Do not say "promise" for { assert. / assure.

Say "sitting hen," if she is sitting.

So "high a tree," instead of "such" a high tree.

An "underhand" act, not an "underhanded" act.

Do not say "upward" for "more."

ORTHOEPIC SURPRISES!

The Accustomed.	*The Wonderful.*
Ad′i-pose	Ad-i-pose′
Ali′as	Al′i-as
Asiatic (z)	Asiatic (sh)
Chinese (s)	Chinese (z)
	Cog-nac (Konyah′ak)
Cor′onal	Coro′nal
Dec′orous	De-cor′ous
En′ervate	Ener′vate
Morphine (e)	Mor′phine (fin)
Op′portune	Opportune′
	Proscēn′ium
	Renaissance′ (sängz)
Ret′rocede	Rē-tro-cede
	Sīn-e-cure
	Um-bili′cus
Unfre′quented	Unfrequent′ed
Va′gary	Vaga′ry
Vase (s)	Vase (z)

AN EXERCISE FOR READING.

There is nothing more enervating than the bearing of a gigantean cognomen. His gondola glides o'er the legendary waters of the Lethean stream, carrying him further from his coadjutors and his allies, toward a combative country of aristocratic proclivities, where he may indulge his epicurean appetite in an indefatigable way; where his vagaries will no longer prove revolting, and where his peremptory authority will take precedence in a manner wholly inexplicable. It is sacrilegious to exhaust one's self in making an example, in no way obligatory, of a friend, who will surely become an irrevocable enemy, and who will vehemently pronounce an irreparable anathema on his complaisant traducer, simultaneously making demonstrable the fact that, though he is crippled, he is not vanquished. 'T were better his friend had dealt in homœopathic doses, or waited a decade of years, than to have made himself amenable to his neighbor's anger in allopathic degree, for his opponent will not be slow to test the acoustics of the

slanderer's head, in the most vehement manner, though an exemplary Christian. Upon his assailant he will heap contumely and much scathing raillery, showing himself no amateur with his splenetic tongue, but, on the contrary, a man conversant with his recitative.

CHAPTER V.

VOCAL CULTURE.

I. Give the vowels in a pure, conversational tone. Do this until there is left no jot of hardness or harshness in the tone.

II. Taking the vowels in order, one by one, at a medium pitch, prolong the tones to the utmost. This is to teach economy of voice, management of voice, control of breath, and reposeful attitude. Be sure, in the prolonged tone exercises, that your voice maintains the same volume throughout; that the vibratory movements of the voice are equal in length, and that no impurity shall at any moment creep into the voice. Again insist on the conversion of all the breath into tone. In preparing for this exercise, take a quick, deep inspiration. See that the shoulders are not lifted much in this action.

Do not allow a sudden collapse of the lungs at the first stroke of the voice as you begin to exhale. This sudden escape of breath at the very beginning is the chief cause of the beginner's inability to prolong tones. With ten minutes, practice daily the student can, in three months' time, carry a single tone a minute.

III. Give the vowels with full volume. Gather your force from the abdominal muscles. Jostle the shoulder but little in the giving of the sounds. Keep the chest almost passive.

IV. In the same exercise try, with a bit of tissue paper immediately in front of lips, to give the tones

with fullest force, without causing the paper to stir. If you succeed, you have the breath under good control, and can husband your strength by speaking with ease.

V. Take the vowels, step by step, from your conversational key to the highest you can command, preserving the smoothness and purity of tones throughout. At no time tax or congest the throat. Let it rest. Make the body work. Send the tones out through the mouth, not through the nose.

VI. Carry the vowels from your conversational key to the lowest you can reach, insisting on the same conditions as before.

VII. Prolong the tones to the utmost in the conversational key; in your highest, and in your lowest. The rapidity with which voices, by nature harsh and discordant, grow smooth and pure under this simple drill, is amazing. No less surprising is the conversion of weak or piping voices, into voices of wondrous volume and roundness of tones.

VIII. Strike the vowel with full volume and force, gradually allowing it to die away.

In this exercise, take care not to contract or stiffen the throat, otherwise the soundest would quickly become irritated. Such congestion is perhaps the most prolific cause of chronic sore throat, and in many cases leads to troubles of the lungs.

IX. With full force and volume strike the vowels suddenly and as suddenly cut off the voice. Again I warn the student against congestion of the throat. With a throat at repose and a body at work, this voice drill becomes at once a promoter of health and strength.

X. With voice at slightest audible tone, gradually enlarge it to your fullest volume.

Aim to have the lungs exhausted at the moment of reaching your fullest volume. Do not continue the tone when it ceases to increase in volume. Do not alter the pitch during this effort.

Few persons, on their first attempt, can attain much volume; fewer can maintain the oneness of pitch, and not more than one in a thousand can exhaust his breath and reach the fullest volume simultaneously.

Ordinarily, the beginner finds his voice failing him within twenty seconds. A few weeks systematic practice will enable the same pupil to attain a half minute.

XI. Opening on the vowel with full volume and force, without altering the key, carry the vowel to the slightest audible tone. Do not allow the voice to descend by jerks, nor to diminish very suddenly at first.

XII. Combine tenth and eleventh exercises.

To be able to reach one-third of a minute at the first attempt will be the lot of very few.

XIII. Trill the vowels until breath is exhausted, preserving one pitch, one volume, and equal length of vibrations. Near to the lips, without jostling the paper, give the vowels as above. When you succeed in this, if you are a minister, you will not suffer from Monday prostrations; and if a teacher, your day's work will not close, finding you in husky voice. One who can do this, and will persist daily in practice, will soon find himself the possessor of sound throat and lungs.

VOCAL DRILL.

1. Give the vowels as in common conversation.
2. Pure, and prolonged to utmost.
3. With full force and volume.
4. Prolong No. 3 to the utmost.
5. From conversational to highest key.
6. From conversational to lowest key.
7. Prolong 5 and 6 to the utmost.
8. Full force and volume with vanish.
9. Prolong the vanish.

CRESCENDO.

10. With voice at slightest audible tone, begin each vowel, gradually enlarging it to its fullest volume.

DIMINUENDO.

11. Striking each vowel with the fullest volume, gradually let it die away to the slightest audible tone.

12. Combine 10 and 11; thus, swell ⊂.

13. Trill the vowels, prolonging them to the utmost.

PURE VOICE—CONVERSATIONAL STYLE.

Exercises.

1. There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest airs are playing.
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.
—*B. F. Taylor.*

2. "Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
—*Mrs. Snow.*

3. But while she was still very young—O, very, very young—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed: "I see the star." And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say: "God bless my brother and the star!"—*Dickens.*

4. Suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance—that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; which end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature: to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.—*Shakspere.*

5. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. —*Bible.*

6. The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine

Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A'couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andiron's straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.
O, Time and change! with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon

That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That some how, some where, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Whittier.*

EXERCISES FOR FULL FORCE AND PROJECTILE POWER.

1. In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! —*Longfellow.*

2. Hurrah! hurrah! a single field
Hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry and
King Henry of Navarre. —*T. B. Macaulay.*

3. The armaments, which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, an arbiter of war—
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

—*Byron.*

4. "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he;
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The brides of Enderby.'"

—*Jean Ingelow.*

5. And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, 'Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'" —*Bible.*

6. Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy wails annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name and Henry of Navarre!

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed and trump and drum and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now! upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed;—while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre!

Now God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter, the Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-men's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!
—*T. B. Macaulay.*

FULL FORCE—EXPULSIVELY.

Exercises.

1. Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
—*T. B. Macaulay.*

2. Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! Massa! Hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!"—*E. L. Beers.*

3. Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble blood!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. —*Shakspere.*

4. Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—

Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt my mother till my brain went wild—
All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully into the earth to be forgot!
—*N. P. Willis.*

5. Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend! I shrieked, up starting—
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door! —*Edgar A. Poe.*

(*For selection see Speech of Cassius, page* 217.)

THE CRESCENDO AND DIMINUENDO COMBINED.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with thy shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy dead; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
—*Byron.*

2. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.
—*Bible.*

3. O, earth, so full of dreary noises!
O, men, with wailing in your voices!
O, delved gold, the wailers heap!
O, strife; O, curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep.—*Elizabeth Browning.*

4. O, time and change!
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now.

—*Whittier.*

5. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And, when I shall sleep in dull, cold marble, where
no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in,
A safe and sure one, though thy master missed it.

—*Shakspere.*

6. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown!

The armaments, which thunder strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests!—in all time—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime!
The image of Eternity!—the throne
Of the invisible,—even from out thy slime;
The monsters of the deep are made! Each zone
Obeys Thee! Thou goest forth; dread! fathomless! alone!

—*Byron.*

TREMULOUS TONES.

Exercises.

1. The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery.
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world. —*Thomas Hood.*

2. "It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur say to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he sez. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him." —*Dickens.*

3. "Ah, Hal, I'll try,
But in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking, too,

I could have kept all trouble off
By being tender, kind and true.
But may be not. She's safe up there,
And when his hands deal other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks." —*Ethel Lynn.*

4. Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn, old dress, and bare, cold feet,
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and no where to go. —*P. H. Case.*

5. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.
—*Shakspere.*

6. "Well, Jo; what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's again. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back to Tom-all-Alone's; am I, sir?"

'No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am werry thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands, he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin to hisself and not to me. He prayed a lot, but *I* couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other genlmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the 'tother wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin to theirselves, or a passin blame on the t'others and not a talkin to us. *We* never knowd nothink. *I* never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, understand him.

After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin-ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos werry good to me; werry good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that berryin-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By and by, Jo; by and by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven! Is the light a comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!—*Charles Dickens.*

STRENGTH AND SUSTAINING POWER.

Exercises.

1. Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate! —*Longfellow.*

2. And, lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swan-like and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the man's with the element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold! —*Schiller.*

3. And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm.
—*Phœbe Cary.*

4. Cain! Cain!
Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
Cries up to heaven against thee; every stone
Will find a tongue to curse thee, and the winds
Will ever wail this question in thy ear:
"Where is thy brother?" —*E. E. Edwards.*

5. Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog.
And spat upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.—*Shakspere.*
(*See Marmion and Douglass, page* 223.)

TO CULTIVATE VOLUME.

Exercises.

1. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest—in all time—

Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid shine,
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime!
—*Byron.*

2. And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.
—*Schiller.*

3. Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors.
—*Shakspere.*

4. Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But old darkey's happy heah,
Whar he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone yeah.
Ober yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grabe like me;
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to lub in Tennessee. —*E. L. Beers.*

5. I heard a great voice of much people in heaven saying, Alleluia; salvation and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God. —*Bible.*

(*See Apostrophe to the Ocean, page* 98.)

FOR PURITY AND PATHOS OF VOICE.

Exercises.

1. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever.
—*Dickens.*

2. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the water, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. —*Bible.*

3. The Sabbath-day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The muttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest. —*M. Farringham.*

4. Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
Since He who knows our need is just—
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
—*Whittier.*

5. Each year shall give this apple-tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp, brown leaves in thicker shower.
—*W. C. Bryant.*

6. O! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

There's a magical isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remember for aye, be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night--
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight.

COMPASS OF VOICE.

1. Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day. —*Dickens.*

2. "Den we dot up and payd dest well as ur tood,
And Dod answered our payers; now wasn't He dood?"
—*S. P. Snow.*

3. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was. —*Bible.*

4. On! On! Courage!
One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved!
Still on! Yet on! Once more! Thank heaven,
She's saved! —*R. T. Conrad.*

5. Another year has parted, and its knell
Is sounding now o'er the past's silent ocean.
Ah, it is an hour for tears! There is a specter-form
In memory's voiceless chambers, pointing now
Its dim, cold finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. —*George D. Prentice.*

(*See The Fall of Pemberton Mill, page* 175.)

CHAPTER VI.

QUALITY.

CONVERSATIONALLY PURE.

For exercises see section first, Vocal Culture.

OROTUND.

Exercises.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. —*Bible.*

2. Am I, who have lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid! —*Robert Emmett.*

3. O, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. —*Shakspere.*

4. I can still drink in the unshadowed
Beauty of the universe, gaze with a
Swelling soul upon the blue magnificence above,
And hear the hymn of Heaven in every
Starlight ray, and fill glen, hill, and vale,
And mountain, with the bright and
Glorious visions poured from the deep home
Of an immortal mind. *Past year, farewell!*

5. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration.—*Daniel Webster.*

(*See Apostrophe to the Ocean, page* 98.)

PECTORAL QUALITY.

Exercises.

1. I saw a man deal death unto his brother.
Drop by drop the poison was distilled for cursed gold;
And in the wine-cup's ruddy glow sat death,
Invisible to that poor, trembling slave. —*E. E. Evans.*

2. Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day. —*Dickens.*

3. Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast! —*Thomas Hood.*

4. And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted—*nevermore.* —*E. A. Poe.*

5. Now a shroud of snow and silence over every thing was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead.
—*F. Wilson.*

(*See On the Shores of Tennessee, page* 219.)

GUTTURAL QUALITY.

Exercises.

1. Tell me, ye bloody butchers! Ye villains, high and low! Ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed the inhu-

man deed! Do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? —*John Hancock.*

2. Ay down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins
That shrunk from the first touch of liberty's war,
Be sucked out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!
—*Thomas Moore.*

3. I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye!
I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye 'till I die! —*G. W. Patten.*

4. Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk from the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be sucked out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny! blasting them o'er:
Fill, fill up their wide, sunny waters, ye sails,
From each slave mart in Europe, and poison their shore.

May their fate be a mock-word—may men of all lands
Laugh out with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! may the whet of their agony be
To think—as the damned haply think of the heaven
They had once in their reach—that they might have been free.

Shame! shame! when there was not a bosom whose heat
Ever rose o'er the zero of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like echo, your war hymn repeat,
And send back its prayers with your Liberty's start!

Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth ages of history—when, had you but hurled
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world!

That then—O, disgrace upon manhood! e'en then
You should falter,—should cling to your pitiful breath,

Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!

It is strange!—it is dreadful! Shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces. "Freedom is o'er"—
If there lingers one spark of her fire, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For if such are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;
Far nobler to love the brute bondman of thee,
Than sully e'en chains by a struggle like this.

—*Thomas Moore.*

FALSETTO QUALITY.

Exercises.

1. "There's a providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before—never." —*Mark Twain.*

2. And den I tom'd home and eated my tea,
And I tlim'd on grandpapa's knee,
And I's 'des as tired as tired 'tan be. —*F. B. Smith.*

3. Ho! Cravens! Do you fear him? Slaves! Traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards! have ye left me to meet him here alone
—*A. G. Greene.*

4. Well, why tan't we p'ay dus as mamma did den,
And ast Dod to send him with p'esents aden?
—*Mrs. Snow.*

5. Help! Help! Will no one aid? I die! I die!
—*R. T. Conrad.*

6. John Davison and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something starlit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guid wife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose." "Na, na, guid man—
It was na a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, guid wife, to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,

An na to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon was na a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than ye, guid man—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' sae nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Me haud my tongue for ye, guid wife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o' 't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, guid wife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his toes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips play'd smack,
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, guid wife,
Aboot a moose"—"A what?
It's a lee ye tell, and I say again,
It was na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to me very face?
My faith, but ye graw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I ne'er will bear 't—
'Twas a moose!"—"'Twas a rat!"—"'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow--
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that—
Gae to yere bed, ye canker'd sumph,
'Twas a rat!" "'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose;

Yet he shoved oot his head as he steepit the door,
And cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But when the carl was fast asleep,
She paid him back for that,
And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
"'Twas a rat! 'Twas a rat! 'Twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi me if I think
It was a beast ava!—
Neist mornin' as she sweepit the fluir,
She found wee Johnnie's ba'!

NASAL QUALITY.

Exercises.

1. Nur I can't see
What's the use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Important 's his'n is? —*Trowbridge.*

2. Ye see, Ike was allers for gettin' what he could out 'o the town, and he *would* feed his sheep on the meetin'-house green. Some how or other Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back Sunday, and so there they was. —*Mrs. Stowe.*

ASPIRATED QUALITY.

Exercises.

1. And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks!"
—*Ethel Lynn.*

2. And the next thing I remember you were sitting there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark! God bless you all!
Good-bye!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!
—*F. Wilson.*

3. "I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin. Let me catch hold of your hand." —*Dickens.*

4. "Here's the paper signed that frees you,
Give a freeman's shout with me—
'God and Union' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee!"

5. "And Barton, I wish you'd let the children come when I'm buried. They'll come, if you'll jest let 'em know. Always trust the children." *H. W. Beecher.*

(*See The Baron's Last Banquet, page* 209.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE ART OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

After deducting action and attitude, about all that remains in reading and in speech, is the harmonizing of sound and sense. This harmony is secured through the *modulations* of the voice.

DIVISIONS OF MODULATION.

- Key or Pitch. { Low. / Middle. / High.
- Physical Force. { Suppressed. / Moderate. / Great.
- Moral Force. { Slight. / Moderate. / Much.
- Volume. { Slight. / Ordinary. / Full.
- Time. { Rate. / Quantity. / Pause.
- Rate. { Deliberate. / Moderate. / Rapid.

Quantity. { Prolonged. Average. Brief.

Pause. { Syntactical. Rhetorical.

Slide. { Upward. Downward. Combined.

LOW PITCH.

Sepulchral sentiments, sentiments of awe, superstition, secrecy, grief, overwhelming fear, inexpressible contempt, etc., require low pitch.

Exercises.

1. We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor! —*Whittier.*

2. And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be, and sleep in dull, cold marble, where no more mention of me more must be made of—say, I taught thee. *Shakspere.*

3. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher. Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. —*Bible.*

4. For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause! —*Shakspere.*

5. O, the long and dreary winter!
O, the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river. —*Longfellow.*

Conversational, unemotional, plain narration, ordinary description, and similar sentiments, demand medium pitch.

Exercises in Middle Key.

1. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—*Bible.*

2. The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest. —*M. Farringham.*

3. Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children—a world of enchantment. *Mark Twain.*

4. On the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon to make up for a disturbed night. —*Beecher.*

5. Listeners, will you please cast your minds over the following lines and see if you can find anything harmful in them:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
A blue-trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff-trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink-trip slip for a three-cent fare—
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
—*Mark Twain.*

(*See The Literary Nightmare, page* 235.)

Sentiments of joy, spirituality, intense excitement, exaltation, calling, command, fright, rage, etc., should be given in high key.

Exercises in High Key.

1. Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.
—*Macaulay.*

2. Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life! —*Phœbe Cary.*

3. Were I Brutus, and Brutus Antony,
There were an Antony would ruffle up
Your spirits, and put a tongue in
Every wound of Cæsar, that should
Move the stones of Rome, to rise and mutiny.
—*Shakspere.*

4. O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king. —*Shakspere.*

5. "Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

(For full selection, see "Battle of Ivry.")

PHYSICAL FORCE—MORAL FORCE.

The two may coincide. Many times they do not. There are those who, while putting forth prodigious physical effort, render themselves only ridiculous or disgusting, because they are wanting in moral power.

Again, there are those who are almost faultless in their artistic methods, but lack a living, breathing, vivifying soul. They can not move or magnetize the hearer.

Earnestness, honesty, fervor, can not prudently dispense with art, learning, law, but were we driven to a choice we would say—give us the first named trinity.

One may be earnest and honest, while at the same time he may be awkward and inefficient. A man may be honest and yet in error.

Hence we would urge that all his warmth, and glow, and impetuosity, be put under the dominion of an intelligent, educated spirit. For convenience, we will make the same illustrations serve both forms of force.

Examples.

{ Great Moral Force.
{ Subdued Physical Force.

1. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian,

But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice. —*Shakspere.*

{ Full Physical Force.
{ Slight Moral Force.

2. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans. —*Shakspere.*

{ Full Physical Force.
{ Full Moral Force.

3. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry out to heaven. —*Robert Emmett.*

{ Slight Physical Force.
{ Slight Moral Force.

4. Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. —*Shakspere's Rosalind.*

Physically, sentiments of majesty, dignity, heroism, dramatic fire, unbridled rage, stern command, shouting, calling aloud, etc., demand full force. The expression of intense passion, good or ill, demands much force.

Moderation, in all its forms, would call for medium moral or physical force.

Sentiments serene, reposeful, connected, trivial, playful, unemotional, would call for little physical force. Oppressiveness, exhaustion, the sepulchral, the superstitious, the awe-inspiring, the secretive, the pathetic, etc., demand a subdued form of force

VOLUME.

The power to convince, or please, or persuade, is not always in proportion to the amount of noise that is made. There may be great volume with indistinct

articulation, in which case the speaker aggravates this fault by his largeness of volume. There may be great volume with little sense, when this volume serves only as a background upon which nonsense may stand out in bold relief. There are those who do not believe in law; who make a great plea for unpruned effort; who think that when the crisis comes—a great noise, backed by what they are pleased to style divine afflatus, will carry everything. This is the argument of indolence and ignorance. Of no other profession do they reason so foolishly. If an arm be broken, they do not send for the divine afflatus man, who has been idly awaiting a crisis. No, a man will be called who is educated in surgery. Do they go to sea, they want a pilot who has *learned* the road, and who *knows* how to handle the wheel. They will have no engineer who has not served a strict apprenticeship. The use of good language, in good rhetorical order, in good voice, with skilled delivery, is as much the outgrowth of training and education, as is the use of scalpel, or plane, or telescope.

SLIGHT VOLUME.

Exercises.

1. Ah, my boy, you're back again; it's all right now. Don't you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin' and I'll bear right up for that port. —*H. W. Beecher.*

2. I hear it faintly; louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger. Defiance unto death!
—*A. G. Greene.*

3. And den I jumped wiv my 'ittle jump-rope,
An' I made out of some water an' soap
Bootiful worlds, mamma's tastles of hope.—*F. B. Smith.*

4. "Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

5. "I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

(For selection in full, containing slight volume, see "Death of Little Joe," page 100.)

MODERATE VOLUME.

Exercises.

1. The cricket dwells in the cold, cold ground,
   At the foot of the old oak tree,
   And all through the lengthened autumn night
   A merry song sings he. —*Anonymous.*
2. And the name of this Isle is "The Long Ago,"
   And we bury our treasures there;
   There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
   There are heaps of dust—Oh! we love them so—
   And there are trinkets and tresses of hair.
   —*B. F. Taylor.*
3. Near by that spring, upon an elm, you know, I cut your name,
   Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
   Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
   Just as *she* died, whose name *you* cut, some forty years ago.
4. To supper at last the farmer goes.
   The apples are pared, the paper read,
   The stories are told, then all to bed.
   Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
   Makes shrill the silence all night long;
   The heavy dews are falling.
   —*J. T. Trowbridge.*
5. Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
   And sifting snows fall white and fast,
   Mark Haley drives along the street,
   Perched high upon his wagon seat.
   —*J. T. Trowbridge.*

(*See Gray's Elegy, page* 161.)

FULL VOLUME.

Exercises.

1. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
   Shook all her trembling banks amaine,
   Then madly at the eygre's breast,
   Flung up her weltering walls again.—*Jean Ingelow.*

2. And it lashed, and shook, and tore them,
Till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel
In their yawning gulfs entombed.—*M. Farmingham.*

3. Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
While yet the hellish work went on? —*E. E. Edwards.*

4. And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm.—*Phœbe Cary.*

5. You do me honor over much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my Lord. —*Robert Emmett.*

(*See Apostrophe to the Ocean, page 98.*)

RATE.

In reading and speaking, rate plays an important part. As there may be monotony of tone, and poverty of gesture, so there may be a lulling sameness of rate. A one-rate talk for a few minutes, acts as a powerful narcotic on the listener. We give life and warmth to utterance by the infinite variations of rate.

Sentiments of great dignity, of majesty, of pomposity, of grandeur, of awe, of solemnity, of heroism, etc., demand deliberate rate.

The sentiments before defined as occupying the middle ground, will likewise come under the head of moderate rate.

Sentiments of an exciting, of a joyful, of a nervous nature—sentiments showing sudden change of scenery or action, etc., call for rapid delivery.

DELIBERATE RATE.

Exercises.

1. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dead to them in this transitory

life, O, ever dear and venerated shades of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son.

—*Robert Emmett.*

2. Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more. —*Whittier.*

3. Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate. —*Longfellow.*

4. All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee?" —*Longfellow.*

5. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep!--perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub!
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. —*Shakspere.*

MODERATE RATE.

Exercises.

1. But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night. —*F. Wilson.*

2. Talk of something that's nobler than living,
Of a love that is higher than mine,
And faith which has planted its banner
Where the heavenly camp-fires shine. —*H. L. Bostwick*

3. There's a Magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.
—*B. F. Taylor.*

4. A-sought-everywhere, young girl;
A-future-most fair, young girl;
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet,
This-queen-among-queens, young girl.
—*Virgil A. Pinkley.*

5. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. —*Bible.*

RAPID RATE.

Exercises.

1. She saw a gallant ship
Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern;
For there seemed no speck
On all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn.

2. Quick, brightening like lightning, it bore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,
In the rock of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
—*Schiller.*

3. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! Quick! Quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whip-cords on your brow. —*John B. Gough.*

4. Morgan's men are coming, Frau;
They're galloping on this way.
I'm sent to warn the neighbors.
He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—
Every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan, the raider,
And Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols,
Are galloping up the glen.

5. "For evil news from Meblethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne.
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby.'"—*Jean Ingelow.*

Rate is the time in which a collection of words is read.

QUANTITY.

Quantity is time as applied to the utterance of a word or a part of a word.

Words which, in themselves, signify continuity, prolongation, immensity, deliberation, gravity, ponderosity, etc., would be dwelt upon, *e. g.*, boundless, invincible, infinite, eternal, everlasting, requiem, lingering, languishing.

There are other words which, by their very nature, suggest quick quantity, *e. g.*, quick, cut, snap, whip, whirl, jump, run.

Words occupying the ground midway between these two extremes should be given moderate quantity.

SLIDE.

- Upward Slide.
  - Negation.
  - Weakness.
  - Indefiniteness.
  - Incompleteness.
  - Doubtfulness.
- Downward Slide.
  - Positiveness.
  - Completion.
  - Determination.
  - Emphasis.
  - Reposefulness.
  - Certainty.
- The Combined Slide, Wave or Circumflex.
  - Sarcasm.
  - Irony.
  - Contempt.
  - Insinuation.
  - Double dealing.
  - Humor.
  - Tantalization.

Slide is the most generally abused element in the whole realm of elocution. It is of all the graces of oratory, the most *spirituelle.* After key, and force, and quantity, and rate have done all they can do, in steps slide and gives the finishing touch; puts upon the entire effort the seal of certainty, and the listener remains no longer in doubt as to your meaning.

PAUSE.

A rhetorical pause is one made by the speaker. It is tongue punctuation. By it is made lucid what, otherwise, to the listener would remain meaningless. Rhetorical pauses appeal to the ear. A grammatical pause is one made by the writer or printer. It is pen punctuation. It decides the syntactical relationship of language. It appeals to the eye.

CHAPTER VIII.

GESTURE.

Gesture is position or motion expressive of thought. Gesture is, to a large degree, anticipative. It should usually serve as a prelude to the voice. By it the listener should be informed of the nature of what is to follow. Thus a speaker may put his audience at the greatest ease, and himself in their highest favor.

There are times when the nature of the sentiment demands that gesture shall accompany, and not precede. Again, the sentiments call on gesture to follow it.

In the command, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" a backward, repellant action of the hand should precede the delivery of the words.

In this phrase, "On yonder jutting cliff," the action should accompany utterance, and the gesture should reach its culmination as the word "jutting" is reached.

To culminate sooner would be premature; a later culmination would be inexcusable tardiness.

After the deluge—what? After this question may quite properly come a gesture of interrogation in the face and attitude.

The parts of a Gesture are: { Preparation, Consummation, Return.

In a series of gestures, there is, between preparation and consummation, an impulse at the wrist. After the last consummation in a series comes the first return. As a rule, no discernable pause should be made between the parts of gesture.

Sometimes the preparation will carry the hand to a very little height; sometimes to a great height, and to all points between.

"In the rippling Tennessee," would lift the hand but slightly, while the consummation would bear it a trifle lower in a wave-like movement. The return, in this case, would follow the sentence.

"Lord Angus, thou hast lied," would bear the hand to the face in preparation.

Gestures are made in straight lines to denote: { Strength, Determination, Emphasis, Anger, Peevishness, Impetuosity.

Gestures are made in curves to denote: { Joy, Repose, Contentment, Grace, Beauty, Veneration.

Gestures, according to sentiment, are divided into { Conversational, Oratoric, Dramatic.

Conversational Gestures call for a limited area of action, and should center at the elbow.

Oratoric and Dramatic Gestures pass through a

broad field of movement, and should center at the shoulder.

Facial Expression is divided into { Unimpassioned, Impassioned, Highly Impassioned.

Position is divided into { Passive, Active, Intensely Active.

Pivot of Action. { Elbow, Shoulder, Shoulder.

Given—Conv. Sent. to find the other three. They are: 1. Elbow Action. 2. Unimp. Fac. Exp. 3. Passive Position.

Let the instructor experiment with his pupils, until they can readily deduce the three unknown, as soon as the one is known.

The only query which will puzzle is this—Given, Shoulder Action, to find the others. They can not tell whether the sentiment calling for such action is Oratoric or Dramatic, until a second point be given.

I will add another, and the pupil, or reader, may find the remaining points. The position required is active.

Zones. { Upward, or Torrid. Middle, or Temperate. Downward, or Frigid.

Upward Zone for { The light, The joyous, The bright, The animated, The inspirational.

Middle Zone for { Plain conversation, Plain narration, Unemotional language, Didactic, Historic, Unornamental.

Descending Zone for { Determination, Emphasis, Affirmation, Treachery, Debasement, Degradation.

The ascending gesture is used for the location of all objects, real or imaginary, material or ethereal, lying above the middle plane.

The middle gesture is used for the location of all objects, real or imaginary, located in the horizontal plane.

The descending gesture is used for the location of all objects, real or imaginary, lying below the horizontal plane.

To the realm of the imagination belong ascending gestures. To the realm of reason belong middle movements. To the realm of determination belong descending gestures.

Ascension of action for the spiritual. Horizontal action for the moral. Descending action for debasement.

Directions are: { Front, Oblique, Lateral, Olique—Backward.

As a rule, emphasis carries action to the front. Slightly generalizing, would extend the movement obliquely. The greatest breadth is indicated by the full-arm, lateral movement. Remoteness, indistinctness, scorn, repulsion, distrust, are shown by the backward-oblique action.

The gesture takes its name from its termination. If it ends at the side it is lateral. If it ends upward it is ascending.

It may flourish never so much, but terminating in the middle plane it is a horizontal gesture.

THE HEAD.

The movements of the head should not be perpetual.

THE EYE.

Conditions of { Concentric—inward, Normal, Eccentric—outward.

THE LIPS.

Condition of { Concave, Normal, Convex.

Concave Lips. { Determination, Anger, Agony, Physical pain.

Normal Lips. { Repose, Contentment, Passivity.

Convex Lips. { Pouting, Petulency, Disgust.

THE FINGERS.

Condition of. { Rigid, Relaxed, Together, Apart.

Rigid in. { Fright, Abhorrence, Repulsion.

Relaxed in. { Sorrow, Melancholy, Repose, Resignation.

Apart in. { Fright, Intensity, Excitement, Delight.

Together in. { Grief, Companionship, Oppressiveness, Resignation.

THE HAND.

Condition of. { Open, Clinched, Index Finger.

Open in. { Frankness, Generosity, Salutation, Generalization.

Clinched in. { Anger, Defiance, Aggression, Emphasis.

Index-Finger in. { Limitation, Specification, Particularization.

Position of Hand. { Supine, Prone, Vertical.

Supine in. { Plain reasoning, Unornamented discourse. Infinitude, Generosity, Ordinary conversation.

Prone in. { Death, Destruction, Burial, Limitation, Degradation, Super-position.

Vertical in { Attraction, Adoration, Repulsion.

THE ARM.

Movements are for { Localizing, Describing, Emphasizing.

A single arm movement may combine all three, *e. g.*, "On yonder jutting cliff." By the direction of the index-finger on the word "jutting" we locate the cliff.

By the jutting of the finger, a description of the cliff is made.

The strength of the gesture conveys emphasis. Any two of these purposes may be exemplified by a single gesture, *e. g.*, "The ring-dove's notes were mingled

with the rippling Tennessee." The extended arm will locate the river, and the vibratory action will illustrate the rippling of the waters. A single purpose may be served by a single gesture; *e. g.*, "See that horse." The index-finger in this case simply locates.

Gestures are { Simple, Compound.

The examples above belong to the class of Simple Gestures.

An admirable illustration of the compound or Serial Gesture is the following: "On yonder jutting cliff, o'ertaken there by the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along, and while gust followed gust, more furiously, as if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink, and I have thought of other lands, whose storms were summer flaws to those of mine, and just have wished me there, the thought that mine was free has checked that wish, and I have raised my head," etc.

ANALYSIS.

On the word "jutting" the index-finger movement culminates; when the word "flat" is uttered the hand has opened and lies prone in the ascending plane. "And while gust" moves the hand from its position to the left and back to position, with a sweeping action. "Followed gust" calls for the last gesture emphasized. "More furiously," a re-repetition, with additional emphasis. "As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink," with the right hand same movement as before, while the left joins it in its final forward sweep, the fingers of both hands somewhat curved and pendant, as though conscious of the peril beyond. "And I have thought of other lands," both hands brought to a lateral-supine position. "Whose storms are summer flaws," both hands prone, lifted horizontally and pushed forward and aside. "And just have wished me

there," a continuation of the last into a supine, forward, longing movement of both hands. "The thought that mine was free," an ascending flight with both hands, climaxing in "free." "Has checked," both hands clinched and driven downward. "And I have raised my head"—at this point the hands return to rest for the first time since their initial movement.

We have what is called flight of the voice. On such occasions, if gestures are demanded, they must keep exact pace with the vocal flight, and the two must culminate simultaneously.

LOWER LIMBS.

Right foot advanced bearing the weight.
Left " " " " "
Right " retired " " "
Left " " " " "

Both feet bearing the weight—

The advanced foot bears the weight in { Enthusiasm, Solicitude, Secrecy, Persuasion.

The retired foot bears the weight in { Dignity, Haughtiness, Defiance, Independence, Repulsion.

Both feet bear the weight in { Repose, Equilibrium, Contentment, Unemotional sentiments.

SPECIAL GESTURES.

These come under no law and are intuitional. A few instances will suffice to call to mind a multitude. The stamping of the foot—the wringing of the hands—the shrugging of the shoulders—the winking of the eye—the tossing of the head.

DELSARTE'S SYSTEM OF GESTURE.

Loud claims, made by a few instructors in the country, are heard running thus: "I teach the Delsarte System of Gesture;" "Prof. 'So and So' is the only teacher of the Delsarte System of Gesture." The probabilities are, that those who make such claims, know as little, and teach as little of the great Delsarte, as those who are valiant enough to have a system of gesture of their own, drawn from *all* available sources. Delsarte, like many who preceded, and many who shall follow, was of human origin, and could doubtless say, in common with us all, "to err is human." His "Art of Oratory" is a highly original work, and well worth more than a single perusal.

After noting a few, at least seeming, contradictions in his work, we will make a condensed summary of his most valuable "System of Gesture."

SEEMING ABSURDITIES.

"If a friend promises me a service with his thumb drawn in, he deceives."

"Consonants and vowels are gestures."

"Force is *always* opposed to power."

The man who was kicked by a mule, thinks this an exception to the above rule.

"Mediocre speakers are *always* trying to enrich their inflections."

"If you embrace me without elevating the shoulders, you are a Judas." He might have added: If you embrace me by elevating the shoulders, you are a Jew.

"A cry is not a gesture."

"A smile is a gesture."

"Speech is inferior to gesture."

"An audience must not be supposed to resemble an individual."

"If we possess nine, we possess twenty millions, which are no more than nine."

"The shoulder, like all the agents, has three, hence nine distinct phases."

"Haste is in inverse ratio to emotion."

"Silence is the speech of God." So is noise. The thunder, no less than the dew-drop, speaks of God.

"When a thing is true from one point of view, it is from all."

"If a man's shoulders are raised very decidedly, we may know he is decidedly impressed." Perhaps, unless he's a Jew or a Frenchman.

"The shoulder is one of the great powers of the orator." Yes, if he be Jew or French.

"Liars do not elevate their shoulders to the required degree."

How can they lie, then? A Jew can raise *his* shoulder to the required degree without lying, I suppose.

Some of the foregoing statements, although startling and original, are entirely too broad; others are absolutely absurd.

MIRACLES.

"The movements of the eye are between eight and nine hundred."

"There are eighty-one movements of the hand impossible to the face."

If *one* more should ever be discovered or added, it will disarrange Delsarte's—"three and multiples of three"—foundation for everything in oratory.

"The head and hand can not act simultaneously to express the same sentiment."

"Movement *must* begin with the face."

The infant is master of "four million inflections ere he can speak or gesticulate." The author had, perhaps been walking the floor the night before with a "colicky" babe.

"There are precisely four million movements of the different agents of the arm." Although he uses the word precisely, one gesture, more or less, would not materially affect the estimate.

CONTRADICTIONS.

{ "But one gesture is needed for the expression of an entire thought."
"When there are two gestures in the same idea, one of them must come before the proposition; the other in its midst." }

{ "Gesture must *always* precede speech."
"The other gesture in its midst." }

{ "Men of small brain habitually carry their heads high."
"Soldiers and men of robust physique carry their heads high." }

{ "A demonstration of affection is not made with a forward movement."
"The hand extends toward the beloved object." }

SYNOPSIS OF DELSARTE ON GESTURE.

Man says what he feels by inflection, what he loves by gesture, what he thinks by words.

Gesture must be studied. Gesture has brought joy to thousands of deaf mutes.

Gesture is the direct agent of the heart, the interpreter of speech. Gestrue and inflection should harmonize. Sound is gesture of the larynx. Consonants and vowels are gestures of the mouth. Gestures are the product of the myological apparatus. Gestures, not ideas, move the masses. Gesture is magnetic; speech is not. Gesture is anticipative; it makes listening easy. Gesture suggests; speech confirms. The sense is not in the words, it is in the inflection and gesture. When one speaks to others he advances; when to himself he recedes.

Retroaction in { Contemplation, Soliloquy, Distrust, Fear, Disgust.

Advancement in { Aggressiveness, Anticipation, Salutation, Inquisitiveness.

In portraying sentiment, to carry the hand to the heart is oratorical crime.

Imitative Gesture is divided into { Static, Dynamic, Semiotic.

The Static treats of Laws of Gesture { Priority. Retroaction, Opposition of Forces, Unity, Stability, Rythm.

Opposition of Forces for Equilibrium.

The man of intellect gestures with the head.

The man of soul gestures with the shoulders.

The man of vital temperament gestures with his arms.

Gesture should be so easy and truthful as to attract no attention. The suspension or prolongation of a movement is one of the great sources of effect.

One effect must not counteract another. Without knowledge of law incoherence is inevitable, hence rules are indispensable. When the principles are known, each one must apply them in accordance with his own idea.

There is no freedom outside of law. Without law we could learn only by imitation.

The Dynamic Apparatus is { Head, Torso, Limbs.

Head. { Concentric, Normal, Eccentric.

Concentric Head. { Resignation, Reflection, Doubt, Shame.

Normal Head. { Repose, Contentment, Equilibrium.

Eccentric Head. { Interrogation, Hope, Desire, Vehemence, Defiance, Exaltation.

The Agents of the Eye. { Vision, Pupil, Eye-brow.

Eye-brow. { Concentric, Normal, Eccentric.

Concentric, or lowered in { Repulsion, Retention, Embarrassment, Soliloquy.

Normal. { Contentment, Candor, Innocency, Generosity.

Eccentric, or open in { Surprise, Exaltation, Interrogation.

Face. { Concave, Upright, Convex.

Concave or Concentric Face. { Chastity, Guilelessness, Timidity.

Upright or Normal Face. { Honesty, Faith, Directness.

Convex or Eccentric Face. { Sensualism, Boldness, Ambitiousness, Self-sufficiency.

Zones of the Face. { Genal, Buccal, Frontal.

Genal or Chin Zone. { Vital Temperament, Agility, Vim.

Buccal or Mouth Zone. { Morality, Temperateness, Equipoise.

Frontal or Forehead Zone. { Intellectual, Reflective, Logical, Mental.

Torso or Trunk. { Thoracic, Epigastric, Abdominal.

Thoracic Belt. { Intellectual, Moral.

Epigastric Belt. { Emotional, Esthetic.

Abdominal Belt. { Vital, Sensual

Chest. { Concentric, Normal, Eccentric.

Concentric, or Collapsed Chest. { Grief, Fright, Secrecy.

Normal Chest. { Conversational, Unemotional, Reposeful.

Eccentric, or Inflated Chest. { Energy, Command, Dignity, Defiance.

The eccentric or convex chest is the sign of one who gives.

The concentric or concave chest is the sign of one who receives.

Movements of the Arm are: { Fingers, Hand, Wrist, Elbow, Fore-arm, Shoulder, Full-arm.

Movements of the Wrists are: { Concentric, Normal, Eccentric.

The wrist is concentric when the extensor muscles are in action.

The wrist is normal when at rest.

The wrist is eccentric when the flexor muscles are in action.

Position of the Hand and Wrist. { Dorsal aspect, Palmer aspect, Digital aspect.

Position of Lower Limbs. {
1. Weight on both feet. { Innocence, Respect, Repose.
2. Weight upon the retired foot. { Reflection, Concentration Independence
3. Weight upon the advanced foot. { Vehemence, Caution, Secrecy.
4. Feet far apart. { Exhaustion, Opposition, Stability.
5. Feet parallel. { Timidity, Inexperience.
6. One foot behind the other. { Ceremony, Indecision.

Gesture is the melody of the eye. Inflection is the melody of the ear. Speech is the crown of oratorical action. Speech elucidates and justifies gesture. The face first suggests. Gesture confirms the face. Speech clinches both.

P. S. While this synopsis is founded on the system

of Delsarte, the arrangement of the material is mine, and the writer has taken the liberty to make many additions.

For selections on which to drill in Gesture, see "Speech of Cassius," "Hamlet's Soliloquy," "On the Shores of Tennessee," and "The Battle of Ivry."

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

With these the writer closes the chapter and this division of the work.

The grandest gift of God to man is—voice.

The voice in speech is power, than which there is none other so potent. At the summit of human achievement towers eloquence. The king of arts is Oratory. Would you convince the judgment, control the conscience, guide the heart—the voice is the royal road thereto.

TO MINISTERS.

To the eye his manner appeals. To the ear his voice appeals.

The eye and the ear are the outposts to the riches of the spiritual world within.

How important, then, that clergymen should give attention to speech and action.

No man has any moral right to inflict upon an audience a ragged, jagged, diluted voice. No leader of the people can righteously neglect his pronunciation, or articulation, or grammatical construction, or rhetorical arrangement.

Emotion, sympathy, sincerety, soul—better to have these and lack the art, than to possess the highest art and be deficient in these. Far better yet, to combine them all.

Europe has her culture, her refinement, her schools of elocution and dramatic art. America will not fail to put herself abreast the times.

TO LAWYERS.

This is a practical age. One of the first questions is, "Will it pay?" In the legal profession, the art of Delivery carries with it so great and patent a money value that 'twere idle to discuss the question. The houses of Congress know this, and her leading members act accordingly.

Prominent lawyers in every large city know this, and their success is largely due to their attention to details of delivery.

The country at large is rapidly realizing the same fact, and the demand for master instructors in the art is growing great.

Salesmen are learning this, and the increased skill with which they handle their wares is the sequel.

Auctioneers have learned the same and thrive, physically and financially, therefrom.

Boole and Beecher, of Brooklyn; Blaine, of Maine, and our orators of greatest power, the country over, are not so much the possessors of supernatural gifts, as they are men endowed with the genius of industry and modesty that makes them learners.

With no exception, they have given careful attention to the "*little things*" that constitute the cultured speaker. Good ground and good seed, are not enough to grow a bountiful harvest. The manner of its sowing is of no little moment. Drop the grain in a heap, and it smothers out its own life, through the richness of its profusion. Profound knowledge is of little worth, except as it may be made communicable to others.

SOME OBJECTIONS THAT ARE OFFERED.

"I have a weak throat which is in constant irritation," says one.

Then, I would say, quit congesting the throat and put the labor of speech on the body muscle. Rest is the great restorative. The throat will thus get well.

"I am troubled with my lungs," says another. Whisper in his ear this fact—there is no relief so sure as through deep inspiration of pure air and right use of the voice in singing and in speech.

Does he tell you he is timid? Tell him he is fortunate.

Timidity, impetuosity, imagination, soul, are the four corner stones of successful speech. When they are put under the dominion of an intelligent spirit they are irresistible.

If he tells you he can not afford it, tell him he can not afford to neglect it. It pays to prepare for broader usefulness.

Every dollar so expended is a seed dropped into good ground that will bear an hundred-fold.

Are you told that it is a gift of nature, and is present at birth? Nature presents us at birth with an average of less than eight pounds avoirdupois, and a brain almost blank. From that moment all is acquisition. Inclination, adaptation, may be a God-given inheritance, but what we shall grow to, or become, is a problem left for each one to solve for himself.

We *may* be born with capacity, but not with contents. Hence the need of training and of culture; of imitation of the good, and not the bad. Does he exclaim, "Be natural." If he means be correct, be God-like,—we subscribe. If he means be natural in the sense in which Indians, swine, knots on a tree, excrescences on the body, are natural,—we object.

If he means a naturalness that is the outgrowth of ignorance and indolence, we object. Native simplicity is a charming quality, when based on right. Naturalness, in its higher sense, is something to be sought, and, when found in accord with law, its unconsciousness stamps upon it the highest type of naturalness. He deceives himself who thinks he may daily drawl his words; speak unseemly English; outrage diction, pronunciation, articulation; live in ignorance of dignified

or graceful action, and, then, when the crises come, be able to do all things well under present pressure. Do these things right, habitually, and, in the heat of impassioned speech, they will unconsciously take care of themselves. He, only, who does this, can afford to become self-forgetful.

The infant learns to walk after many falls and squalls.

A man with empty hands may fail to lift a weight; with a lever the thing may be easily done. The voice is the weight to be lifted; but with a strained, congested throat, and idle waist, if lifted at all, it is with dire distress. Given;—a leverage on the muscles of the waist, and the work is done with ease and grace.

Ninety-nine of every hundred will analyze more correctly than they can execute. The intellect says, "that passage should be read in low key." Voice says "cant." Elocutionary training cuts off the "t," and "can" remains. This gives us a glimpse of the value of vocal culture.

There are those who say, "We will read some work on elocution and save tuition!" One might read all that has ever been written on swimming, and thereafter drown on the first exposure to water.

Instruction from the lips of the living, is essential to the understanding and right application of what is found in the books. There are a multitude of little defects, of which we should never become conscious, save through the candid criticism of some one who is employed to observe and make them known.

If an inferior or a peer should observe, and voluntarilly tell us of them, we would repel or reproach them for their hardihood. It requires all our grace, to accept them at the hands of an acknowledged leader.

Hoping that, through what has been written, many may add to their physical, mental, moral, and spiritual store, the writer modestly subscribes himself.

VIRGIL A. PINKLEY.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 28, 1883.

PART V.

SELECTIONS OF PROSE AND POETRY.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
With spirit just as gay.
But master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old games
Beneath that same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—
You've played the same with me

On that same spot; 'twas played with knives
By throwing so and so;
The loser had a task to do
There forty years ago.

The river's running just as still,
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom;
The stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is missing now,
Where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—
Just forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beach,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by the spring upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweatheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark;
'Twas dying sure but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those earthly broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
But none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee –
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—*Edgar A. Poe.*

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
  Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
  If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
  For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait with such impatience
  For our ship to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
  Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
  Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
  Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers!
  How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
  Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
  As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
  For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
  Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
  Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
  Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
  Shake their white down in the air.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
  Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
  Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
  In the blessings of to-day;
With the patient hand removing
  All the briars from our way.

—*Anon.*

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From the girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sang;
Sang as sing the birds of June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune.
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm tossed bird—
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer.
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Run the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed,
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest,
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore, O, storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,

Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer?
Still, aye, still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee. —*Anon.*

ABOU BEN-ADHEM.

Abou Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace has made Ben-Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Answered the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

AN INTERESTING TRAVELING COMPANION.

Many men think a railroad journey is rendered really pleasant by the companionship of an unprotected female. She insisted on counting her bandbox and traveling bag as we got seated. She counted. There were just two. I counted and made no more nor less. Then she wanted her parasol put into the rack, her shawl folded up, and her bandbox counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one bandbox of it. As we got started she wanted to know if I was sure that we were on the right road to Detroit. I was sure. Then she wanted her traveling bag counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted the window up,

and asked me if it was not a very hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money and found it was safe, though she was sure she had lost it. While counting it she related how Mrs. Graff, in going East five years ago, lost her purse and three dollars. She wound up the story by asking me if it wasn't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted that bandbox counted, and I counted him. He was still one bandbox. There was a pause of five minutes, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if we were on the right road to Detroit. I assured her that I was positive of the fact. The brakeman here called out the name of a station in such an indistinct manner that the lady wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Calumet. She wanted to know if I was sure that it was Calumet, and I put my hand on my sacred heart and assured her that I would perish sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted her traveling bag counted, and I counted her. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. We got along very well for the next half hour, as I got her to narrating a story about how she got lost in the woods eighteen years before, but as soon as she finished it she wanted to know if I was sure we were on the right road to Detroit. I told her I hoped to perish with the liars if we were not, and she was satisfied. Then the parasol fell down; she wanted me to change a ten-cent-piece, and the window had to go down. When we got down to Marshall she wanted to know if the place wasn't named after court-martial, and whether it wasn't barely possible that the station was Niles, instead of Marshall. The bandbox was counted again, and he was just one. Then the window went up, and she asked me if, in my opinion, it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was. Then she related a story about her uncle, another about a young lady who had been

deaf several years. During that day I counted that bandbox three hundred times, raised the window thirty times, said it was a hot day until my tongue was blistered, arranged that parasol thirty-two times, got her sixteen drinks of water, and inquired the names of thirteen stations. She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger could place confidence, and I dared not reply, for fear of bringing out another story. When we reached Detroit, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the cars, got her a hack, directed her to a hotel, told her the street, price, name of the landlord, head waiter, porter and cook ; assured her that she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Detroit had a population of one hundred thousand; that the fall term of school had commenced; that all Detroit hack-drivers were honest and obliging. Poor woman, I hope the landlord did not get out of patience with her artless ways.

—*M Quad.*

THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow; let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh! love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE PILOT.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time these steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below and the captain called out:

"Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped and his spirit took its flight to its God.

—*John B. Gough.*

MARK TWAIN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

The nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with "The Daily Thunderstorm," and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said,—

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you"—

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"I n, *in*, t e r, *ter*, *in*ter"—

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e——. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I expected you would. No harm,—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and in the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that.

That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes on a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight in passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks! Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do *you* think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so,—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill.

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead——

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he didn't!

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly. You see we were twins,—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole, on the back of his left hand; that was *me.* *That child was the one that was drowned.*

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't; well *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral.

Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man.

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; so he *got up and rode with the driver.*

* * * * * * * * * *

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conquerer;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard:
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand,
There, had the Persian's thousands stood;
There, had the glad earth drunk their blood,
In old Platæa's day:
And now, there breathed that haunted air.
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and souls to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on; the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke to hear his sentries shriek
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast,

And lightning from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
God and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered, but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rung their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
They saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death;
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath;
Come, when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come, in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm,
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me;
Loved ones who've passed to the farther side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see—
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There was one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He passed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands ready to welcome me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand,
I shall pass with the boatman cold and pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be—
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me. —*Miss Priest.*

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart:
The sands of life are nealy run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. —*G. W. Hangford.*

AT ELBERON.

If through the portals opening toward the light,
E'er walked a man in armor clear and bright,
That man untrammeled, outward passed that night
From Elberon.

Firm-lipped, clear-eyed, clean-souled, he met his fate,
Leaving behind no rancor and no hate,
And strode, high-browed, undaunted through the gate
At Elberon.

In deeds resplendent and in honor bright,
In high example, shining as the light,
He lives immortal, he who died that night
At Elberon. —*D. L. Paine.*

THE SEVEN STICKS.

A man had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

"And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.

"Ah!" said the sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; anybody could do it in that way."

Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, and all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood,

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
Far from the mad'ning crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire *thy* fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pour upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God. —*Thomas Gray.*

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I;
With my blue-eyed laughing baby,
Trundling by;
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace —
Mine a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight—
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom—
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal
By-and by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold;
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me;
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By-and-by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells, silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, golden bells—
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes, all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats on the moon.
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells, how it dwells
On the future! how it tells of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarm bells, brazen bells—
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency foretells!
In the startled ear of night how they scream out the affright!
Too much horrified to speak, they can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher, with a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor, now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O, the bells, bells, bells, what a tale their terror tells of despair!
How the clang and clash and roar! what a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet, the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling, and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells, of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells, iron bells—
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night, how we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats from the rust within their throats,
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people, they that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory is so rolling on the human heart a stone—
They are neither man or woman; they are neither brute or human,
They are ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls; and he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells; and his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells; and he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme,
Of the bells, bells, bells, to the tolling of the bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells. —*E. A. Poe.*

THE FAMINE.

Oh the long and dreary winter!
Oh the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage,
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness.
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever!
Oh the wasting of the famine!
Oh the blasting of the fever!
Oh the wailing of the children!
Oh the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,

Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,

Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the loving Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing;
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered.
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha;
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,

Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

You Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks?*
'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed;
It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mi*ran*dy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel, he's 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shan't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's *green!* Mirandy! Mi-ran-dy! come on wi 'dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en we'n dey go pank dey is green;
But we'n dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook water-millions—*you* heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"

—*Harrison Robertson.*

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms,
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply,
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head,
Not thrice your branching lines have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.

Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies;
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certains truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall;
The guilt of blood is at your door,
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You need must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go. —*Alfred Tennyson.*

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him,
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim;
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle trembling haste, she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him
In heaven, once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

Well, no! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;
She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.
It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—
When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill;
And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still;
But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir.
And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her!

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless;
And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness;
'Twas hers—'twas mine—; but I've no language to explain to you
How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew!

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping breath,
Dumb with an awful, wordless woe, we waited for its death;
And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what words could tell?
Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing;
Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing;
Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to song,
And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous strong!

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
And while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two;
I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill! Did you know Robert May?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you!" I gasped, choking with horrid doubt;
"If you're the man, just follow me; we'll try this mystery out!"
With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God! 'Twas true!
Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing moan.
'Twas he! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead,
But all too late—and with bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.
'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd 've killed him, too,
So dead that he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,
Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as steel,
While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
Between her lawful husband and the father of her child!

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down and said:
"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not dead!"
I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
But somehow, in my aching breast the prisoned words stuck tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby"—"What! wife and child!" cried I;
"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! better that I should die.
Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no shame—
My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my wife and child;
But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was done!
One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone!

—*Frank Olive.*

THE FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILL.

The silent city slumbered. The day broke softly, the snow melted and the wind blew warm from the river.

* * * * * * * *

Sene was a little dizzy that morning.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said: "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're putting in below," observed the overseer, carelessly.

At noon Sene was out with her dinner, found a place on the stairs away from the rest, and sat there with her eyes upon the river, thinking.

In the afternoon Sene said: "Del, I think to-morrow"—she stopped. Something strange happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped, the thread untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious," she said, and looked up—looked up to see her overseer turn wildly; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe! She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an inclined plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her; she threw out her arms and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing and fell.

At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton Mill, all of the seven hundred and fifty hands being at that time on duty, fell to the ground. At ten minutes before five, Sene's father heard what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street. A crowd surged through it from end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills—Pacific, Atlantic, Washington—Pemberton. Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips, this evening a cloud of dust—black, silent, horrible—now puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her. The church clocks were striking "eight." One of her fingers she saw was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. A broad piece of flooring, that had fallen slantwise, roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of iron-work overhead. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with

reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. The other side of the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home; she was asking God to take care of it for her, "for Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the "amen," but it was never spoken. Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfire struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed, voices grew distinct. The opening broadened, brightened; the sweet night wind blew in; the clear night sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again after all. She worked her head from under the beam and raised herself up on her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry—"Fire! fire! God Almighty help them! The ruins are on fire!"

A man had dropped a candle and the ruins were on fire. That was at nine o'clock. What there was to be seen, from then till morning, could never be forgotten. A network, twenty feet high, of rods, of beams, pillars, stairways, roofing, ceiling, walling; wrecks of looms, shafts, bobbins, mules—locked and intertwined; wrecks of human creatures wedged in; a face that you knew, turned up at you from some pit, which twenty-four hours' hewing could not open; a voice you knew crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long fair hair visible here, a foot there; three fingers of a hand over there; charred limbs and helpless trunks tossed about; the little yellow jet that flared up, and died in smoke, and flared again, leaped out, licked the cotton bales, tasted the old machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck,

death and life together out of your sight—the lurid things stand alone in the gallery of tragedy.

The child who had called for her mother began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone.

"Come here, Mollie,' said Sene; "can you crawl around?" Molly crawled around.

"Put your head in my lap, and your arms about my waist—so, there."

But they had not given them up yet. In the still unburned rubbish at the right, some one had wrenched an opening within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like savage things. A fireman fainted in the smoke.

"Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! fall back"—then hushed, awe-struck. An old man was crawling along on his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hair blew about in the wind. It was Sene's father.

"I want my little girl!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little girl?"

A rough fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke.

"I'll have her out yet. I am an old man, but I can help. Hand me that dipper of water; it'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now, keep cheery, Sene, your old father'll get you out. Keep up good heart, child. That's it."

"It's no use, father. Don't feel so bad, father. I don't mind it very much." He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with his cheerful words.

"No more ye needn't, Senath; for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet. We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water; do now. They'll get at ye now, sure."

But out above the crackle and the roar a woman's voice rang like a bell:

"We're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quivered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves white young lips swelled the glad refrain:

"We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow, turned red; voice after voice broke and hushed utterly. One only sang on like silver. It flung defiance down at death. It chimed into the lurid sky without a tremor. For one stood beside her in the furnace, and his form was like unto the form of the Son of God. Why should not Asenath sing?

"'Senath," cried the old man, out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now from his gray hair to his patched boots. The answer came triumphantly,

"To die no more, no more, no more."

"Sene, little Sene!"

Some one pulled him back, and her spirit went up in the flames. —*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

UNCLE DANIEL'S INTRODUCTION TO A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees

on the further shore the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored), aged 40, his wife, "aunt Jinny," aged 30, "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvellous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptively brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air and was emphasized, at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were all children (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance). Their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came.

"What is it? Oh! what is it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all

kneeling in a moment. And then the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit—let dese po' chil'en hab one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, and take it out'n de old niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole—"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding.

"Well, now dey's some folks say day aint no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben now if it warn't fo' dat prah? Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I reckon? Don't I know it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow!* CHOW! an' a goin' on turrible—an' do the Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he aint 'fraid o' nuffin—day can't nuffin tetch him."

"Well what did you run for?"

"Well I—I— Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he would'nt scarcely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob coase dey was; but day didn't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up again; if dey'd been gals dey'd missed dey long haah, maybe, but day wouldn't felt de burn."

"*I* don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should *I* know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides, don't it call 'em *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take notice when dey do read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be two!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time sho'! Dey aint two, Mars Clay—dats de same one. Goodness, how de fire and smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwin to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you again."

He did go to the wood and pray, but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when he went by. —*Clemens and Warner.*

A RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the days are dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life, some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*

CURING A COLD.

The first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Cortland street, near the hotel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing

a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of my friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction, I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me—to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt-water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aqua-fortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight,

and the weather was frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it), soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death-agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard-plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed, I put the mustard-plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

—*Mark Twain.*

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Harken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to *fears*,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With fun her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing.
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell;

A gun that hung on the kitchen wall,
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true,
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their pearly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying: "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a *rebel* colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie McNeal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend—kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage-door.
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;

And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes heaved fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage, that never dies,
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The raindrops splashed on her glowing face.
"On—on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt!" or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Shed after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in their rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right.
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted: "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all.
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm, helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain.
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted: "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sank on the rude white floor of deal.
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled colonel sprung and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blesssed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan
Saying "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said—
"Never you hold a moment's dread,
Of womanhood I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen,
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putman's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know,
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie, then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

—*John G. Whittier.*

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away,

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall,
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away! —*J. G. Whittier.*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'ed a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof, for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His riband, star, and a' that;
    The man of independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their dignities, and a' that;
    The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
      Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that;
    For a' that, and a' that;
      It's coming yet, for a' that;
    When man to man, the warld o'er,
      Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

SEQUEL TO BURNS' "A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

Is there for simple purity,
  That hangs his head, and a' that;
A cowardly slave, we pass him by,
  And dare be poor for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  Through toils obscure, and a' that;
Proud rank is but a dollar's stamp,
  The woman's the gold for a' that!

What though a house-wife she may be,
  Wear home-spun garb, and a' that;
Give belles their silks and fools their wine,
  A woman's a woman for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their dazzling show, and a' that;
The virt'us woman, though e'er so poor,
  Is queen of women for a' that.

You see yon lassie, called a belle,
Though rich in gear, and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at her shrine,
She's but a flirt, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Her ribbons, grace, and a' that;
The woman of sense, and cultured mind,
She looks and laughs at a' that.

A worthless flirt can make a queen,
A princess proud, and a' that,
But an honest woman's above her might,
Good, faithful, true, and a' that!
For a' that, and for a' that,
Their airs and pride, and a' that;
The gift of sense and pride of worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That woman's worth o'er all the earth,
May reign supreme, and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That woman to woman, the world o'er,
Shall sisters be, for a' that. —*J. F. Hanley.*

KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row;
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad;
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find;
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
Near, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar;
"Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dare look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place;
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South!

Oh, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth;
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistfully began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly;
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last;
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still;
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-grass;
A suit of clothes of Conrad's with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

PARRHASIUS.

Parhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vultures at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens; around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick! or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
Now, bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So! let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"'Pity' thee? So I do;
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"Ah! there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

"Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild.

"All! I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
O heavens! but I appall
Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

"Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

"Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath;
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so, he's dead!"

How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules this unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish! —*Willis.*

BOTANY.

Violets, sweet violets,
I love you as I love my pets.
Let me see,—
One, two, three,
Four, five,—ever five leaves;
Always the same—never deceives.
What care I for your family?
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Daisies, daisies,
Scattered in endless mazes
Over the meadows, under the hedges,
Not in the path, but close to its edges;
As stars gem the blue of the sky with their sheen,
Ye gem and besprinkle the velvety green.
What care I for your pedigree?
Pistils or stamens, how many there be!
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Buttercup!
Hey, johnny-jump-up!
Johnny will tell if I pull you apart—
If I pick you to pieces and tear out your heart.
Johnny will tell,
I know him well,
So keep your heart in its golden bell.
What care I how rich it be!
I love you, and that is enough for me.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Forget-me-not!
I love the spot
Where grows the fairy forget-me-not.
How like to a star
Its pale blossoms are!
And its bonny bright eyes I love to see,
What care I how many they be?
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Mignonette!
I'll never forget
Thy fragrance, it lingers about me yet.
Delicate blossom,
Rest on my bosom;
Shed a sweet incense, when dying, o'er me,
When no longer thy fairy-like blossoms I'll see.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Lily so fair!
Purity's there,
You have beautiful raiment and never a care.
Oh, would I might be
So lovely as thee,
And have never a thought about "nothing to wear!"
I'd belong to your "tribe," whatever it be.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Cowslips!
Dewy lips!
Thy name recalls bright childhood scenes;
For thy blossoms I look,
In the mead by the brook,

Through the vista of time that intervenes;
Again I chase the winged hours
And gather thy yellow unfolding flowers,
Golden boats all afloat on a green leafy sea.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Bluebells, bluebells,
What have you hid in your airy cells?
Azure of heaven,
Dewdrops of even—
Whisper, bluebells, whisper to me;
I only know how fair you be,
Without a thought of your family.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Fair budding rose,
I may not close
Without a tribute in verse to thee.
"First love!"
May it prove
Source of joy like flowers to me,
Whatever their names or their family.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Orange blossom!
Adorning the bosom,
Or twined in the curl of a fair lady's hair;
Ah, sometimes you be
But a mockery;
Her lips may be false, though her brow seem so fair,
Then so many heart-aches you blossoms are.
Joy, trouble, or care is your progeny—
A various, wonderful family.
What did you say?
Botany?
Fling it in Botany Bay.

Pansies are fraught
With beautiful thought;
Bright thought and golden, and brilliant in hue;
Give me the blue one, that is the true one.
I'll have nothing to do—
Pansy, would you—

With "genus," or "classes," or "family."
You bring a thought, a dear thought to me.
A thought, did I say?
For my botany?
No, fling it in Botany Bay.

Poppy—nepenthe—
Tell me who sent thee,
To lull me to sleep o'er my botany?
So drowsy am I—
I can not tell why—
Nor how—many—stamens—or—poppies I see;
When I wake I'll remember how many there be;
What did you say?
Botany?
Go fling it in Botany Bay.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Through the half-opened portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed the child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that shall never fade and fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray;
Yet—oh! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them *all!*"

"Go,—wing your flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the BOOK of FATE
That Peri may yet be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin,
'Tis sweet to let the *Pardoned* in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embrace of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands,
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyrical heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from Morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er the world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift from Heaven? "I know
The wealth" she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar:
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewel'd cup of their King Janeshid,
With Life's elixir sparkling high:
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be,
In the boundless deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The airs of the sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;

Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers;
And man—the sacrifice of man—
Mingled his taint with every breath
Unwafted from the innocent flowers.

Land of the Sun! What foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillared shades—
The cavern-shrines, and idol-stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Die scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;
Maidens, within their pure Zenemia;
Priests, in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines and sacred waters!
Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone, beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror; "live to share
The trophies of the crowns to bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The *Tyrant* lived, the HERO fell!
Yet marked the Peri where he lay;
And when the rush of wars was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before his free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, and winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.

Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed, so holy is
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;
But see, alas! the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; holier far
Than even *this* drop the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee!" —*Moore.*

BANGS.

To have bangs or not to have bangs, that's the question. Whether it is better to suffer the outrageous bangs or take up arms against the sea of troubles and end them, is a serious consideration. You may take a pious Christian girl, bang her hair, and she will do some hideous deviltry in nine hours. The girl is no more responsible for her meanness than is any other lunatic. She can't help it. Bangs completely derange the little sinner and are the sole cause of her impudence. Sampson's strength lay in his hair. A girl's deviltry is in her bangs; they change the whole nature of her and lead her whithersoever they will.

Dislodge the bangs and the girl will return to the path of rectitude. The longer the bangs the meaner the possessor, and the—uglier.

Some of us boys once put a board over the face of the gentlest cow on the farm, a cow that had a wide reputation for order, sobriety and quietude. In an hour that cow was tearing through the fences like a tornado, shook her head at everything and seemed to say:

"Look out for me, I'll hook." So with the girl. Bangs give her an unruly look. She looks like she would hook. You are afraid that she will run *at you.* Were I compelled to fight a duel with a mad cow or a banged girl, I would take my chances with the cow.

Girls wear bangs to attract attention from their ugly faces. Pretty girls do not wear bangs.

A Chinaman is pretty by the side of a Hottentot. An ugly face under bangs is not noticed.

A girl with bangs looks like tangled sunbeams in a bewildered forest.

My dear girls, if you must wear bangs, don't you do it. If it will just kill you not to wear bangs, then die a martyr. You will make a prettier corpse than a live girl. You will fill a more useful place in the grave than you fill in life. You could not die in a nobler cause.

The girl with bangs is constantly doing hateful things that a sleek-haired girl, or a girl with frizzes even, would not think of doing. She may belong to the church, but she is not a Christian. At church she always sings the top line of the hymn-book.

In England there was an army of Roundheads. In America there is an army of Soft-heads. If I were compelled to marry either a girl with bangs or an Indian squaw, I wouldn't do it. No, sir, I wouldn't. A girl with bangs is no companion for a *man,* but is a fit wife for a balky mule.

Meet a banged girl on the streets and she bows at you like a jumping-jack. If she is on your right she looks over her left shoulder at you. She seems to say: "Don't you breathe twice in my presence. Look at me and die. All creation, attention!"

All devils of mischief do not wear bangs, but all that wear bangs are imps of meanness.

The Kentucky belle who eloped with a negro barber wore bangs. The Indianapolis girl who murdered the wife of a Chinaman in order to marry her husband

wore bangs. The last act of Miss Ida Stipes, of Buffalo, before committing suicide, was to bang her hair. That woman who stole a silver cup from the Palmer House, at Chicago, wore bangs. Poodle dogs, Ute Indians, and mean girls, wear bangs. I hate bangs with an unappeasable hatred. They are the remote cause of three-fourths of the feminine mischief, and the direct cause of one-fourth of all the deviltry. I once knew a sweet-faced girl, in whose eyes heaven's own blue seemed to melt. Could you have seen her, lithe and elastic, you would have thought her the tidiest figure under the stars. You could hardly think of joys more thrilling than the pleasure of living with her all your life, far, far away amid the primeval forests, where there are no railroads, steamboats, or post-offices; where you could wander and gather wild roses for her hair, and in some dark shade, read, from gilt-edged books, sweet poetry to her all day long. Of evenings, leave the cold room, and, contrary to the rules of college, gather warmth from the cheering rays of pale moonshine.

Excepting her nightingale voice there is no music below the skies half so sweet as the gentle rustling of her dress as she passes. You could trace her footsteps over the stony pavement. Her eyes were like the blazing stars, her lips like two twin cherries, her cheeks semi-transparent, her hair smooth and glossy like a fairy's, her form and beauty combined, where every god did seem to set his seal and give the world assurance of an angel.

But the tempter came. That very night her Boston cousin set foot in our village. She told this wingless angel that all the Boston girls wore bangs, and that they were two awfully lovely for any use. In one short hour that pretty, gentle, timid girl was banged. Then look you what follows. Look upon the former angel; then upon this, the counterfeit presentment of the same creature. See what a grace was seated on

the first brow. Bangs blur the grace and blush of modesty; call beauty hypocrite, take off the rose of beauty and set bangs there. I saw the features, those mangled features, and then I cried for vengeance. Rouse ye lovers, if ye have fair girls, look in the next fierce brawl to see them banged, torn from your arms, distorted and disfigured. After that sight, how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seemed this world. It is an unweeded garden. Fie on it. Oh, fie.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."
Bangs are not, and they can not come to good.
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

—*J. V. Coombs.*

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'er a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony,
A dying warrior lay—
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'r been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er—
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born—
That I—ha! ha!—must die!

"And what is death? I've dared him oft,
Before the Paynim's spear—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—
Defy, and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed,
Call every vassal in!
Up with my banner on the wall!
The banquet board prepare!
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there!"

A hundred hands were busy then;
The banquet forth was spread,
And rang the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery,
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O'er the proud Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured
On through the portal's frowning arch,
And thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men!
Pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop,
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?—
Mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not!
Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly—louder yet!
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! and shout for Rudiger,
'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
And rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high:

"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
Slaves! traitors! have he flown
Ho! cowards, have ye left me
To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! let him come!"
Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade
Came flashing half way up;
And with the black and heavy plumes
Scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
Old Rudiger sat—dead! —*A. G. Greene.*

A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW OF LIFE.

I'm only a very little girl, but I think I have just as much right to say what I want to about things as a boy. I hate boys, they are so mean; they grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they're going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus told me he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettle and me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. And it was there we had the fireworks, right on the balcony. His mother had gone out to buy some *creme de lis* to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of Castile soap; he stealed them from the housekeeper. Just when she was going to put them in her closet, Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her directly a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and the matches, and when she came back we watched her, and she got real mad, and she scolded Delia, that's the chambermaid, and said she know'd she did it; and I was real glad, because when I was turning somersets on my mother's bed the other day, Delia slapped me, and she said she wasn't going to make the bed two times to please me; then Bessie and me sticked the

matches in the soap like tenpins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything, and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little of the gas on so's his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, 'cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for children if they sit at the table in the big dining-room. Once my mother let me go there with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said "Little girls should be seen and not heard." The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Delia so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to heaven. Much she knows about it. I wouldn't want to go if dirty things like she went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Bessie Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining-room. And Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "Oh, Lord! what a lie!" and Bessie Nettle went in her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "Oh, Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her up in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water, and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the key-hole, and said, "Bessie, the devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a good mind to set the house on fire some day and burn her out.

One day I went in the parlor and creeped under a sofa, and there wasn't anybody there. They don't let dogs or children go in the parlor, and I think it's real mean—and I creeped under the sofa, so's nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce came in and Miss Jackson. I don't like Miss Jackson; she said one day childrens was a worse nuisance than dogs was. And Mr. Boyce

and Miss Jackson came and sitted down on the sofa, and he said, "Oh, Louisa, I love you so much," and then he kissed her. I heard it smack. And she said, "Oh, Thomas, I wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" and he said, "No, dearest," and I called out, "Oh, what a big story, for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night when the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up; you bet—Gus always says you bet—and he pulled me out and tored my frock, and he said, "Oh, you wicked child, where do you expect to go for telling stories?" and I told him, "You shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish that man would die like the other did, so I do, and I don't care whether he goes to heaven or not.

Gus Rogers' mother had a lunch party in her parlor, and they had champagne, and they never gave him any, and when his mother wasn't looking he found a bottle half full on the sideboard, and he stealed it and took it in our nursery, and Mary wasn't there, and Gus and me drinked it out of the glass Mary brushes her teeth in, and it was real nice, and we looked in Mary's wardrobe and finded her frock she goes to church in, and Gus put it on, and Mary's bonnet, too, and went in the hall, and we tumbled down and tored Mary's frock, and made my nose bleed, and Gus said, "Oh, there's a earthquake," 'cause we couldn't stand up, and you should see how the house did go up and down, awful; and Gus and me laid down on the carpet, and the housekeeper picked me up and tooked me to my mother, and my mother said, "Oh, my, whatever have you been doing?" and I said, "Oh, Lord! I drinked champagne out of Gus Rogers' mother's bottle in the glass Mary brushes her teeth in," and the housekeeper says, "Oh, my goodness gracious, that child's as tight as bricks," and I said, "You bet, bully for you," and then I was awful sick, and I have forgotten what else.

STAY ON THE FARM.

You are leaving the farm to seek wealth and fame
In the city so grand and gay;
To win you a fortune and gain you a name,
And be somebody, you say.
A farmer's life is too plodding and tame—
You can not get rich in a day!
And you can't bear the thought of thus ever the same
Plodding slowly along till you're gray.

You will start as a clerk, but you say by and by
You expect to own a large store,
And rapidly sell what you carefully buy,
With clerks to assist by the score.
You will build a fine mansion, full three stories high,
With your gilt-lettered name on the door;
You'll be rich some fair day just as easy as try,
Leaving fools on the farm to stay poor.

But hold on, my young friend; not so sudden, I pray;
Don't be in such haste to begin;
Remember that Rome was not built in a day,
And sometimes the tortoises win.
If you knew what you will on the farm you would stay—
What you will after years spent in vain;
Years of toil, years of heart-aches, hair growing gray
In wretchedness, poverty, sin.

You will find for each toiler grown rich and esteemed,
A thousand have died in despair;
In the garrets of misery those who had dreamed
As you dream, to find happiness there;
But had found instead what they little had dreamed,
Fierce hunger, and cold, and care;
You will wish you were back where the glad sun-rays gleamed,
By the brook in the sweet country air.

There are culture and wealth in the city no doubt,
And beauty, and music, and mirth;
But you will find from their circles securely shut out
All those not in from their birth,
Or those who for years have patiently wrought
And gained them a place by their worth,
And refinement and wealth may as safely be sought
By patiently tilling the earth.

It is right, is it not, to reflect, my young friend,
Before risking yourself and your all,
Where the chance is so slender for gaining your end,
And so great that you stumble and fall?
That you will get rich I do not pretend,
But plenty your own you may call
If you stay on the farm; and I do recommend
Such a course as the most rational.

There is need for you here, for strong hands and brave hearts,
For the nobly ambitious and true;
The plow of the husbandman vigor imparts,
And life and prosperity too,
To all trades, to all progress in science and arts,
To all that men think or men do.
For me, I'll ne'er leave it for the sin-crowded marts—
Your hand, my boy! neither will you.

—*J. W. McBroom.*

SETTING A HEN.

Meester Verris: I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, and I tought meppe I can do dot too, as I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—odor of you don'd know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some uf de aigs under dot olt plue hen shickens, I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill;" so I bicked out some uf de best aigs und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf do hay-mow, poud five six veet up; now, you see, I nefer vos ferry pig up und town, but I vos putty pig all de vay arount in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und get a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimet on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht, dot olt hen gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel he preak, und I vent town kershlam; I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, put dere I vos, und I

fit so dite dot I koodn't get me oud efferway, my fest vos bushed vay up unter my arm-holes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood and aigs, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dare und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" und she set up und sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as efer. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty goot, put I only sait, mit my cratest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she said, "Uf course I vill, Sockery;" den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen, shtop dat; dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount; vell, to make a short shtory long, I dold Katrina to go und dell nayper Hausman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I get up mit haf a parrel around my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a little till I get a battern uf dat new oferskirt you haf on," put I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimeby, ven I koom in de house Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, don'd you goin' to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait in my deepest woice, "Katrina, uf you efer say dot to me again, I'll got a pill uf wriding from de lawyer from you," und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I shtep on a parrel now, I don'd shtep on it, I get a pox. —*Sockery.*

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius.—That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus.—You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius.—In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.
Brutus.—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius.— I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus.—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius.—Chastisement!
Brutus.—Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius.— Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice; abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus.— Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius.—I am.
Brutus.—I say you are not.
Cassius.—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus.—Away, slight man!
Cassius.—Is't possible?
Brutus.— Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius.—O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus.—All this? Ay, more; fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cassius.—Is it come to this?

Brutus.—You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius.—You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say "better?"

Brutus.— If you did, I care not.

Cassius.—When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus.—Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius.—I durst not?

Brutus.—No.

Cassius.—What? Durst not tempt him?

Brutus.— For your life you durst not.

Cassius.—Do not promise too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus.—You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius.— I denied you not.

Brutus.—You did.

Cassius.—I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus.—I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius.—You love me not.
Brutus.— I do not like your faults.
Cassius.—A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus.—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius.—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Brutus.— Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius.— Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Brutus.—When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd, too.
Cassius.—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus.—And my heart, too. (*Embracing.*)
Cassius.— O Brutus!
Brutus.— What's the matter?
Cassius.—Have you not love enough to bear with me
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
—*Shakspere.*

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

"Move my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
In the sunshine, bright and strong,
For this world is fading, Pompey,
Massa won't be with you long;

And I fain would hear the south wind
Bring once more the sound to me,
Of the wavelets softly breaking
On the shores of Tennessee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
As they still the story tell,
How no vessels float the banner
That I've loved so long and well.
I shall listen to their music,
Dreaming that again I see
Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
Sailing up the Tennessee.

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting
For Death's last dispatch to come,
If that exiled starry banner
Should come proudly sailing home,
You shall greet it, slave no longer—
Voice and hand shall both be free
That shout and point to Union colors
On the waves of Tennessee."

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey;
But old darkey's happy here,
Where he's tended corn and cotton
For dese many a long gone year.
Over yonder Missis' sleeping—
No one tends her grave like me.
Mebbe she would miss the flowers
She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching Massa—
If Pompey should beside him stay,
Mebbe she'd remember better
How for him she used to pray;
Telling him that way up yonder
White as snow his soul would be,
If he served the Lord of heaven
While he lived in Tennessee."

Silently the tears were rolling
Down the poor old dusky face,
As he stepped behind his master,
In his long accustomed place.
Then a silence fell around them
As they gazed on rock and tree
Pictured in the placid waters
Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle
Where he fought by Marion's side,
When he bid the haughty Tarlton
Stoop his lordly crest of pride.
Man, remembering how yon sleeper
Once he held upon his knee,
Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
'Mid the veteran's silver hair;
Still the bondman close beside him
Stands behind the old arm-chair.
With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
Shading eyes, he bends to see
Where the woodland boldly jutting
Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
Glide from tree to mountain-crest,
Softly creeping, aye and ever
To the river's yielding breast.
Ha! above the foliage yonder
Something flutters wild and free!
"Massa! massa! hallelujah!
The flag's come back to Tennessee!

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
Help me stand on foot once more,
That I may salute the colors
As they pass my cabin door.
Here's the paper signed that frees you—
Give a freeman's shout with me:
'God and Union!' be our watchword
Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
And the limbs refused to stand;
One prayer to Jesus—and the soldier
Glided to the better land.
When the flag went down the river
Man and master both were free,
While the ring-dove's note was mingled
With the rippling Tennessee.

—*Ethel L. Beers.*

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sack-cloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"But, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear, to drink its last, deep token,
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
And thy dark sin! oh! I could drink the cup,
If, from this woe, its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself,
A moment, on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall,
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep. —*Willis.*

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu—
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed—
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke·
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said;
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),
I tell thee thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den—
The Douglas in his hall?

And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need-
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass, there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
A shout of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers! —*Walter Scott.*

AWFULLY LOVELY PHILOSOPHY.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in philosophy? How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science, you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! They are little wee things, and

it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson, too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm, too, and if there's one thing perfectly heavenly it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"'Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"Oh! I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it. I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him, just on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, any way?"

"This is mull, trimmed with Languedoc lace ——"

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson; but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"Oh, yes! We learn about common philosophy and logic, and those common things like metaphysics; but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiations and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasms, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody besides Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was terribly, awfully mean." And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouschafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

THE OWL CRITIC.

"Who stuffed that white owl!" No one spoke in the shop.
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turn were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question,
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown," cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is, how preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is.
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology; I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mr. Brown! Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls and other night fowls,
And I'll tell you what I know to be true:
An owl can not roost with his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in the world ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted, ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude—
Can't *do* it, because 'tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches, ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe that *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed you should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird in that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

Examine those eyes; I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem, they'd make Audubon scream
And John Burroughs laugh, to encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down, have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some saw-dust and bark, I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that. I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then with a wink and a sly, normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from the perch,
Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

—*James T. Fields.*

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed;
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof—
All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung;
Just half-way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.

Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 'tis
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted, "Don't! 'twould be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-be* Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now, Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
"If, now, a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He can not miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank
But, glancing at the snowy bank,

She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

COQUETTE PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it, too,
As other village beauties do,
Whose mirrors never lie;
Secure of any swain she chose,
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheated these and taunted those,
"For how could any one suppose
A clown could take her eye?"

But whispers through the village ran
That Edgar was the happy man
The maid designed to bless;
For, wheresoever moved the fair,
The youth was, like her shadow, there,
And rumor boldly matched the pair,
For village folks will guess.

Edgar did love, but was afraid
To make confession to the maid,
So bashful was the youth:
Certain to meet a kind return,
He let the flame in secret burn,
Till from his lips the maid should learn
Officially the truth.

At length one morn to take the air,
The youth and maid, in one-horse chair,
A long excursion took.
Edgar had nerved his bashful heart
The sweet confession to impart,
For ah! suspense had caused a smart
He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
Till Hempstead's wide-extended plains
Seemed joined to skies above;

Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near
The rude and dreary scene to cheer,
Nor soul within ten miles to hear,
And still poor Edgar's silly fear
Forbade to speak of love.

At last one desperate effort broke
The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke
With most persuasive tone;
Recounted past attendance o'er,
And then, by all that's lovely, swore
That he would love forever more,
If she'd become his own.

The maid in silence heard his prayer,
Then, with a most provoking air,
She tittered in his face;
And said, "'Tis time for you to know
A lively girl must have a beau,
Just like a reticule—for show;
And at her nod to come and go;
But he should know his place.

"Your penetration must be dull
To let a hope within your skull
Of matrimony spring.
Your wife? ha! ha! upon my word,
The thought is laughably absurd
As anything I ever heard—
I never dreamed of such a thing!"

The lover sudden dropp'd his rein
When on the center of the plain;
"The linch-pin's out!" he cried;
"Be pleased one moment to alight,
Till I can set the matter right,
That we may safely ride,"

He said, and handed out the fair;
Then laughing, cracked his whip in air,
And wheeling round his horse and chair,
Exclaimed, "Adieu, I leave you there
In solitude to roam."
"What mean you, sir?" the maiden cried,
"Did you invite me out to ride,
To leave me here without a guide?
Nay, stop, and take me home."

"What! take you home!" exclaimed the beau;
"Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know
How such a hopeless wish could grow,

Or in your bosom spring.
What! take Ellen home! ha! ha! upon my word,
The thought is laughably absurd
As anything I ever heard—
I never dreamad of such a thing!"

DOT BABY OF MINE.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutcher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grasy mit drinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas queer;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
And his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby of mine.

I dells you dot baby was von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says "Mamma," and "Bapa," and somedimes "ah-goo!"
You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks of dot baby off mine.

Dere was someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutcher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes.
Does leedle shimmasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
Und voudn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

—*Charles F. Adams.*

SHE WOULD HAVE CHEWING GUM.

The bright-red sun was setting on the egg of morrow's dawn,
As a Vassar girl strolled, pigeon-toed, adown the level lawn;
And the fading rays with roses wreathed the hair of one who lay
In the gath'ring twilight lonely, filled with terror and dismay.
"She may cry, and howl, and kick up; but she wouldn't do my sum,
And I'll never, never, never let her chew my chewing gum!"

"Teacher," Bessie's white lips faltered, as she pointed to the maid,
"Did you hear that horrid creature? Do you know what she has said?
In her dark and gloomy pocket she is carrying her loose
Boarding-school companion, much as twenty sticks of spruce,
And she says that I shall have none—I! her only friend, her chum;"
And she spoke in husky whispers, "I *must* have her chewing gum!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the teacher (every word froze in her ear),
"For years I've taught at Vassar, and I will not interfere.
I know the regulations, and respect the rules and laws;
I am here to educate your mind, and not supply your jaws.
I have done my duty ever; I've been cool, discreet and mum;
But I can't make Bertha Underwood give you her chewing gum."

Wild the girl's eyes, pale her features, as she totters up the stair,
And the dews fall in soft pity as the stars see her despair.
Not a moment stops the maiden till she gains the upper flight,
And stands out in the darkness like an angel carved in night.
Now she enters Bertha's chamber, and pants, "Now let her come;"
Stills her frightened heart's wild beating, "I *must* have her chewing gum?"

Far out, the distant city seems a tiny, sparkling speck.
Where she well remembers often buying spruce gum by the peck.
Above, the throbbing heavens seemingly reflect her soul,
In which the spheres of vengeance their mighty music roll
Shall she still their diapason? Shall she smite their anthems dumb?
She crushes swift the feeling; she *must* have that chewing gum.

Quick she strips the bed of clothing; quick she wraps her in a sheet,
And the garment winding tenderly, clothes her from head to feet.
Then, in a darkened corner, like a member of the host
Who sometimes wander back to earth, she stands, a rigid ghost.
And, panting, still she listens till she hears the fairy drum
Of Bertha's fairy footsteps, bringing up that chewing gum.

Such a yell! a quivering figure lies fainting on the floor
The very winds stop sighing as they shrink back from the door.

Swift the ghostly Bessie steals from where the gath'ring shadows curl,
And bends in fluttering triumph above the prostrate girl.
With trembling hands she searches in the pocket of her chum,
And cries out in her madness, "I *must* have her chewing gum."

The pale, soft moon rose slowly; each bright star bent her head,
As the patron orb of Vassar threw her rays around the dead,
And, like another moon, the teacher climbed the winding stair,
To find fair Bertha robed in death, and Bessie kneeling there,
With no remorse on that pale face, as she whispered softly, "Come!
The Angels have got Bertha, but *I've got* her chewing gum!"

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ENTERTAINING SISTER'S BEAU.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promise never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would I know
What she told me say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack said it would be just like you
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"'Spose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if your fingers are clean.
My sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross;
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"That is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—
For that was the message to pa from the photograph man where I sat—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all her front hair to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night.
Till the folks thought he'd soon be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a rich man, they say;
Pa says you're as poor as a church mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go! Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee." —*Bret Harte.*

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

Will the reader please cast his eyes over the following verses and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my

brain. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before. I took up my pen; but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harrassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed, and rolled, tossed and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!" By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings: "Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. —— said:

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said:

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—maybe it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is—"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden, Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted:

"O, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never get a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured:

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said:

"Mark, there is something about this that I can not understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said:

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next

time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said:

"Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness:

"Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr. —— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face, and said:

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their 'clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why,

I was as fagged out then as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare—and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch* in the presence of the passenjare!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could; but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers! punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare.' And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rythm of those pulsating rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the ante-room in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course, it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob and said:

"'Oh, oh, he is gone, and I didn't see him before he died!'

"'Yes!' I said, 'he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone—oh, *will* this suffering never cease?'

"'*You* loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!'

"'Loved him! Loved *who?*'

"'Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!'

"'Oh—*him!* Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!'

"'Bless you! bless you, sir, for those sweet words! I, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?'

"'Yes! I—*whose last moments?*'

"'*His.* The dear departed's.'

"'Yes! Oh, yes—yes—*yes!* I suppose so, I think so. *I* don't know! Oh, certainly—I was there—*I* was there!'

"'Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege. And his last words—oh, tell me—tell me his last words! What did he say?'

"'He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head? He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance *can* no further go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare!'"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested on mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively:

"Mark, you do not say anything You do not offer me any hope. But, oh, me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a—"

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite. —*Mark Twain.*

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones

sat at the table, holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her fingers in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply, on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O, Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where he had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh?" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened it's mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidenee that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected

from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

—*Danbury News Man.*

LIBERTY AND UNION.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision may never be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty first and

Union afterward; but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty AND Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

SCHOOLING A HUSBAND.

Mrs. Centre was jealous. She was one of those discontented women who are never satisfied unless something goes wrong. When the sky is bright and pleasant they are annoyed because there is nothing to grumble at. The trouble is not with the outward world, but with the heart, the mind.

Her husband was a very good sort of person, though he probably had his peculiarities. At any rate, he had a cousin whose name was Sophia Smithers, and who was very pretty, very intelligent, and very amiable.

Centre and his wife boarded at a private establishment. At the same house also boarded Centre's particular, intimate, and confidential friend Wallis.

Wallis could not help observing that Mrs. Centre watched her husband very closely, and Centre at last confessed that there had been some difficulty. So they talked the matter over together and came to the conclusion that it was very stupid for any one to be jealous. What they did, I don't know, but one evening Centre entered the room and found Mrs. Willis there.

"My dear, I am obliged to go out a few moments to call upon a friend," said Centre.

"To call upon a friend!" sneered Mrs. Centre.

"Yes, my dear, I shall be back presently."

"The old story."

"If it was my husband I would follow him," said Mrs. Wallis.

"I will! Sophia Smithers lives very near and I am sure he is going there."

Centre had gone up stairs to put on his hat and overcoat, and in a moment she saw him on the stairs. She could not mistake him, for there was no other gentleman in the house who wore such a peculiarly shaped Kossuth as he wore.

He passed out and Mrs. Centre passed out after him. She followed the queer shaped Kossuth of her husband and it led her to C——— street, where she had expected it would lead her. And further, it led her to the house of Smithers, the father of Sophia.

She was shown into the sitting-room where the beautiful girl of many virtues was engaged in sewing.

"Is my husband here?" she demanded.

"Mr. Centre? Bless you, no! He hasn't been here for a month."

Gracious! Hadn't she followed that unmistakable hat to the house?

She was amazed at the coolness of her husband's fair cousin. Before she had believed it was only a flirtation; now, she was sure it was something infinitely worse, and she thought about a divorce; or at least a separation.

She was astonished and asked no more questions. Did the guilty pair hope to deceive her—her, the argus-eyed wife? She had some shrewdness, and she had the cunning to conceal her purpose by refraining from any appearance of distrust. After a few words upon common-place topics, she took her leave.

When she reached the sidewalk there she planted herself, determined to wait till Centre came out. For more than an hour she stood there nursing the yellow demon of jealousy. He came not.

She was catching her death-cold. What did he care. He was bestowing his affections upon her who had no legal right to them.

The wind blew, and it began to rain. She could

stand it no longer. She should die before she got the divorce. She must preserve her precious life for the present, and she reluctantly concluded to go home.

She rushed into the house. Mrs. Wallis was there still. Throwing herself upon the sofa she wept like a great baby. While weeping, Mr. Centre entered the room, looking just as though nothing had happened.

"You wretch!" sobbed the lady.

"What is the matter, my dear?" coolly inquired the gentleman.

"You wretch!"

"What has happened?"

"You insult me, abuse me, and then ask me what the matter is! Haven't I been waiting in C—— street for two hours for you to come out of Smithers' house?"

"Have you?"

"I have, you wretch!"

"And I didn't come out?"

"No! You know you didn't!"

"There was an excellent reason for that, my dear. I wasn't there."

"You wasn't there, you wretch! How dare you tell me such an abominable lie! But I have found you out. You go there every day, yes, twice, three times a day! I know your amiable cousin, now! She can lie as well as you."

"Sophia tell a lie! Oh no, my dear!"

"But she did. She said you were not there."

"That was very true; I was not."

"How dare you tell me such a lie! You have been with Sophia all the evening."

"Nay, Mrs. Centre, you are mistaken," interposed Mrs. Wallis, "Mr. Centre has been with me in this room all the evening."

"What! Didn't I see him go out, and follow him to C—— street?"

"No, my dear, I haven't been out this evening. I changed my mind."

Just then Wallis entered the room with that peculiar Kossuth on his head, and the mystery was explained. Mrs. Centre was not a little confused, and very much ashamed of herself.

Wallis had been in Smithers' library smoking a cigar, and had not seen Sophia.

But Centre should have known better than to tell his wife what a pretty, intelligent, amiable and kind-hearted girl Sophia was. No husband should speak well of any lady but his wife.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

In rural life there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he can not be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together.

It is a pleasing sight, of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the country folk, in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

—*Irving.*

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf at daylight's decline;
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle was mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so light one's good nature secures,"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck her fair arm."
She smiled and placed her fair arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the magic divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make;
For only consider how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

THE RISING, 1776.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies,
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first note of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood;
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flock
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose; The prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake,
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide,
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried: "Cease, traitor! cease,
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours.
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And, now before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusky death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell rung as ne'er before,
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! war! war!"

"Who dares" this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from his desk he came--
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!" —*T. B. Read.*

THE MODEL AMERICAN GIRL.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not-afraid-of-the-rain, young girl;
A poetical posy,
A ruddy-and rosy,
A helper-of-self, young girl.

At-home-in-her-place, young girl;
A never-will-lace, young girl;
A toiler serene,
A life pure and clean,
A princess-of-peace, young girl.

A wear-her-own-hair, young girl;
A free-from-a-stare, young girl;
Improves every hour,
No sickly sun-flower,
A wealth-of rare-sense, young girl.

Plenty-room-in-the-shoes, young girl;
A free-from-the-blues, young girl;
Not a bang on her brow,
To fraud, not a bow;
She's-just-what-she-seems, young girl.

Not-a-reader-of-trash, young girl;
Not-a-cheap-jeweled-flash, young girl:
Not a sipper of rum,
Not a chewer of gum,
A marvel-of-sense, young girl.

An early-retiring, young girl;
An active-aspiring, young girl;
A morning ariser,
A dandy despiser,
A progressive-American girl.

A lover-of-prose, young girl;
Not a-turn-up-your-nose, young girl;
Not given to splutter,
Not "utterly utter,"
But a-matter-of-fact, young girl.

A rightly-ambitious, young girl;
Red lips-most-delicious, young girl;
A sparkling clear eye,
That says, "I will try,"
A sure-to-succeed, young girl.

An honestly-courting, young girl;
A never-seen-flirting, young girl;
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit-for-a-wife, young girl.

A sought-everywhere, young girl;
A future-most-fair, young girl;
An ever discreet,
We too seldom meet,
This queen-among-queens, young girl.

—*Virgil A. Pinkley.*

GAPE-SEED.

A Yankee, walking the streets of London, looked through a window upon a group of men writing very rapidly; and one of them said to him in an insulting manner, "Do you wish to buy some gape-seed?" Passing on a short distance, the Yankee met a man and asked him what the business of those men was in the office he had just passed. He was told that they wrote letters dictated by others, and transcribed all sorts of documents; in short, they were writers. The Yankee returned to the office, and inquired if one of the men would write a letter for him, and was answered in the affirmative. He asked the price, and was told one dollar. After considerable talk, the bargain was made; one of the conditions of which was that the scribe should write just what the Yankee told him to, or he should receive no pay. The scribe told the Yankee he was ready to begin; and the latter said—

"Dear marm:" and then asked, "Have you got that deown?"

"Yes," was the reply, "*go on.*"

"I went to ride t'other day; have you got that deown?"

"*Yes; go on, go on.*"

"And I harnessed up the old mare into the wagon; have you got that deown?"

"Yes, yes, long ago; go on."

"Why, how fast you write! And I got into the wagon, and sat deown, and drew up the reins, and took the whip in my right hand; have you got that deown?"

"Yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Dear me, how fast you write! I never saw your equal. And I said to the old mare, '*Go 'long,*' and jerked the reins pretty hard; have you got that deown?"

"Yes; and I am impatiently waiting for more. I wish you wouldn't bother me with so many foolish questions. Go on with your letter."

"Well, the old mare wouldn't stir out of her tracks, and I hollered, '*Go 'long, you old jade! go 'long.*' Have you got that deown?"

"Yes, indeed, *you pestiferous fellow; go on.*"

"And I licked her, and licked her, and licked her—[*continuing to repeat these words as rapidly as possible.*]

"Hold on there! I have written two pages of 'licked her,' and I want the rest of the letter."

"Well, and she kicked, and she kicked, and she kicked—[*continuing to repeat these words with great rapidity*].

"Do go on with your letter; I have several pages of '*she kicked.*'"

[*The Yankee clucks as in urging horses to move, and continues the clucking noise with rapid repetition for same time.*]

The scribe throws down his pen.

"*Write it deown! write it deown!*"

"I can't!"

"Well, then, I won't pay you."

[*The scribe, gathering up his papers.*] "What shall I do with all these sheets upon which I have written your nonsense?"

"You may use them in doing up your *gape-seed.* Good-bye!"

PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but, surely age may become justly

contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked—with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mein, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain, nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age,—which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I

should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villainies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

BOOT-BLACKS.

A day or two ago, two boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was, of course, willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots now refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the white boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he pro-

ceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's eye, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

REPLY TO MR. WICKHAM IN BURR'S TRIAL, IN 1807.

In proceeding to answer the argument of the gentleman, I will treat him with candor. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentional. I will not follow the example which he has set me on a very recent occasion. I will endeavor to meet the gentleman's propositions in their full force, and to answer them fairly. I will not, as I am advancing toward them, with my mind's eye measure the height, breadth and power of the proposition; if I find it beyond my strength, halve it; if still beyond my strength, quarter it; if still necessary, subdivide it into eighths; and when, by this process, I have reduced it to the proper standard, take one of these sections and toss it with an air of elephantine strength and superiority. If I find myself capable of conducting, by a fair course of reasoning, any one of his propositions to an absurd conclusion, I will not begin by stating that absurd conclusion as the proposition itself which I am going to encounter. I will not, in commenting on the gentleman's authorities, thank the gentleman, with sarcastic politeness, for introducing them, declare that they conclude directly against him, read just so much of the authority as serves the purpose of that declaration, omitting that which contains the true point of the case, which makes against me; nor, if forced by a direct call to read that part also, will I content myself by running over it as rapidly and inarticulately as I can,

throw down the book with a theatrical air, and exclaim, "Just as I said!" when I know it is just as I had not said.

I know that, by adopting these arts, I might raise a laugh at the gentleman's expense; but I should be very little pleased with myself if I were capable of enjoyiug a laugh procured by such means. I know, too, that, by adopting such arts, there will always be those standing around us who have not comprehended the whole merits of the legal discussion, with whom I might shake the character of the gentleman's science and judgment as a lawyer. I hope I shall never be capable of such a wish; and I had hoped that the gentleman himself felt so strongly that proud, that high, aspiring and ennobling magnanimity, which I had been told conscious talents rarely fail to inspire, that he would have disdained a poor and fleeting triumph gained by means like these.

—*William Wirt.*

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakabel disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulliug away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in their carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "It all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"I was ready before you were," replied his wife.

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, with great impatience, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten

minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with the provoking placidity which no one can assume but a woman, "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear," he said, "when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip-sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining-room, and hung it on the corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack hook, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and

began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing in it I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, replied: "These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted, in malicious triumph, "No buttons on the neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have got the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her nicktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the

bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves, while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled, at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, settling her hat; "didn't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with Webb's Adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

The unhappy man groaned. "Can't you throw me down the other boot?" he asked.

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot.

"Up in your dressing room," she answered.

"Packed?"

"I do not know; unless you packed it yourself, probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob; "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack," she called. "Goodbye, dear."

Before she got to the corner of the street she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street

car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had his clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door and the front door, all the down stairs windows and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the depot were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned and necktie flying, and his grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door key in his hand, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impotent, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

FRETTING.

A few years ago, a friend and myself were traveling, on horseback, in Southern Illinois. The day was cold and stormy, hence we stopped at a farm-house on the wayside to warm. We saw, as we approached, ten or twelve children, all of whom looked like twins, pressing their noses against the window panes. We entered, and found a real bedlam. The children were rude and noisy, and were bounding over the floor like gazelles.

The father scolded, and the mother fretted. They

said the *dear ones* were usually quite agreeable to strangers. The children had been eating molasses and jelly, and were visibly sweet. Now, I do really love sweet children, but in this case I disliked the sweetness, for there was too much of it. They climbed upon the back of my chair, and affectionately printed the pictures of their honey hands upon my shirt front. One of these promising boys slipped a snow-ball into my boot. In a few moments I found my boot full of water. That water was wet, it generally is in that locality; but in this case it was exceedingly wet. My surroundings were growing more frightful. I longed for a missionary or a policeman. But relief came at last, for the father shouted: "Get out of that, you little knaves." They got. They darted away like terrified rats. In a few moments these "little knaves" came forth from their hiding places and the following dialogue ensued:

"Ma," said boy number one, "how long will these men stay here?"

The boy spoke in semi-aspirate, and the mother whispered, "Billy, hush, or I will put you in the closet."

"Will the men be gone when I get out?"

"Do hush."

"Why must I hush?"

My friend was lame, and wore a high-heeled boot. The boy noticed it and said in full voice, and laughing as he spoke:

"Oh, ma, look at that man's foot. He has a pepper-box on his heel. He walks just like Sam's old mule."

"Billy," exclaimed the father, "come here, and I will stop your mouth."

The boy cowered by the side of his sire. In a moment the boy murmured:

"Pa, what is the matter with Sam's mule?"

"String-haltered," whispered the father.

"Is that man string-haltered?"

My friend began to sweat, and moved toward the door. I appointed myself a committee of one to withdraw from the room. Amid the cheering yells of the father, the sweet notes of the boy, and the melodious shrieks of the mother, we took our departure.

We stopped at the next house. A boy met us at the door; pulling off three-fourths of a hat, he told us to come in. The two little girls sat quietly by the window. The mother smiled pleasantly, and everything was in good order. Now, what made the noticeable difference? Simply one household was continually fretting and whining.

The peculiar characteristic of some people is whining. They whine because they are poor, and they whine because they are sick and can not enjoy their riches; they whine because they are out of employment, and no sensible man will give them employment because they whine; they fret until they take the headache, and of course take the headache on account of fretting; they whine because they are ugly, and they are painfully ugly because they whine. I would have such persons taken out and whipped until they laugh. —*J. V. C.*

BILL AND I.

The moon had just gone down, sir,
But the stars lit up the sky;
All was still in tent and town, sir,
Not a foeman could we spy.
It was our turn at picket,
So we marched into the thicket,
To the music of the cricket
Chirping nigh.

Oh, we kept a sharp lookout, sir,
But no danger could we spy,
And no foeman being about, sir,
We sat down there by-and-by;

And we watched the brook a-brawlin',
And counted the stars a-fallin',
Old memories overhaulin',
Bill and I.

And says he, "Won't it be glorious
When we throw our muskets by,
And home again, victorious,
We hear our sweethearts cry,
'Welcome back!'" A step! Who goes there?
A shot--by Heaven, the foe's there!
Bill sat there, all composure,
But not I.

By the red light of his gun, sir,
I marked the daring spy.
In an instant it was done, sir—
I had fired and heard a cry.
I sprang across a stream, sir—
Oh, it seems just like a dream, sir,
The dizzy, dying gleam, sir,
Of that eye?

A youth, a very boy, sir,
I saw before me lie;
Some pretty school-girl's toy, sir,
Had ventured here to die.
We had hated one another,
But I heard him murmer, "*Mother!*"
So I stooped and whispered, "*Brother!*"
No reply.

I crossed the stream once more, sir,
To see why Bill warn't by;
He was sittin' as before, sir,
But a film was o'er his eye.
I scarce knew what it meant, sir,
Till a wail broke from our tent, sir,
As into camp we went, sir,
Bill and I.

THE TRANSPORTATION OF MITCHELL.

There is a black ship upon the southern sea this night. Far from his own, old land—far from the sea, and soil, and sky, which, standing here, he used to

claim for you with all the pride of a true Irish prince—far from that circle of fresh, young hearts, in whose light, and joyousness, and warmth, his own drank in each evening new life and vigor—far from that young wife, in whose heart the kind hand of heaven has kindled a gentle heroism—sustained by which she looks with serenity and pride upon her widowed house, and in the children that girdle her with beauty, beholds but the inheritors of a name, which, to their last breath, will secure to them the love, the honor, the blessing of their country — far from these scenes and joys, clothed and fettered as a felen, he is borne to an island, whereon the rich, and brilliant, and rapacious power of which he was the foe, has doomed him to a dark existence. That sentence must be reversed—reversed by the decree of a nation, arrayed in arms and in glory!

Think! oh, think! of how, with throbbing heart and kindling eye, he will look out across the waters that imprison him, searching in the eastern sky for the flag that will announce to him his liberty, and the triumph of sedition!

Think! oh, think! of that day, when thousands and tens of thousands will rush down to the water's edge, as a distant gun proclaims his return—mark the ship as it dashes through the waves and nears the shore—behold him standing there upon the deck—the same calm, intrepid, noble heart—his clear, quick eye runs along the shore, and fills with the light which flashes from the bayonets of the people—a moment's pause, and then, amid the roar of the cannon, the fluttering of a thousand flags, the pealing of the cathedral bells, the triumphant felon sets his foot once more upon his native soil—hailed, and blessed, and worshiped as the first citizen of our free and sovereign state!

—*T. F. Meagher.*

WORKINGMEN'S SONG.

Whom do we call our heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune,
The titled lord or king!
They live by others' labor,
Take all and nothing give.
The noblest types of manhood
Are those who work to live.

CHORUS. Then, honor to our workingmen,
The hardy sons of toil,
The heroes of the workshop,
The monarchs of the soil.

Who spans the earth with iron?
Who rears the palace dome?
Who creates for the rich man
The comforts of his home?
It is the patient toiler:
All honor to him, then;
The true wealth of the nation
Is in her workingmen.

For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep;
Then Labor's anvil chorus
Broke on the startled air,
And, lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare.

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control;
It purifies and hallows
The temple of the soul;
It scatters foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train;
Puts iron in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain.

The great Almighty builder
Who fashioned out this earth,
Has stamped his seal of honor
On Labor from her birth.
In every angel flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches—
The handiwork of God. —*Henry Clay Preuss.*

THE GRAVE.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns.

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we would turn even from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the

whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy.

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth, be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. —*Washington Irving.*

BROKEN HEARTS.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of her heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be

too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost part of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams; "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury.

Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indispo-

sition, that laid her low; but no one knows of the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay. —*Washington Irving.*

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

Vake up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe!
Der moon dot can't been seen abofe.
Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late,
I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
Und dhere vas no goot blace to set;
My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
Am you avake ub dhere abofe,
Feeling sad und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw uf you kin hear
From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going to sung:

O lady! vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
Oh! you vot's schleepin' sound ub dhere
I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
Ven you'm ashleep—so vake!
(Yes, hurry ub und voke ub quick,
For gootness cracious sake!)

My schveet imbatience, lofe,
I hobe you vill oxcuse;
I'm singing schveetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

O putiful, schveet maid!
Oh! vill she efer voke?
Der moon is mooning—(Jimminy! dhere
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

Oh! say, old schleeby head!
(Now I vas getting mad—
I'll holler now und I don't care
Uf I vake up her dad!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
O cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed—dot rain it rained
Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
Vhen mit my fiddle I shneaked off
So vet und shlobby like a mool!

THE LAST HYMN.

The sacred day was ending in a village by the sea;
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the golden glowing west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered,
groaned, and boomed.
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Sad and anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling fearful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Tangled wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained
her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged
the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow; tender hearts grew cold
with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! is his heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the
sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck across the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth
could save.
"Could we send him a short message! Here's a trumpet. Shout
away."
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to
say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you
hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened: "He is singing 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters
roll."
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters. "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears
made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

THE WATER-MILL.

Oh! listen to the water-mill, through all the live-long day,
As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away;
How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the withered leaves,
As on the field the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves!
A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and as a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more leaves strewn o'er earth and main,
The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;
The rippling stream flows ever on, aye, tranquil, deep and still,
But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.
The solemn proverb speaks to all, with meaning deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and true,
For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing too;
Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;
Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broadcast—
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that have swiftly drifted by,
Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly word,
Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned, unheard.
Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine, thou man of strength and will,
The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide by clicking water-mill;
Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams brightly on thy way,
For all that thou canst call thine own lies in the phrase "to-day;
Possessions, power, and blooming health, must all be lost at last—
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellow man, thyself consider last,
For come it will when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
Soon will this fight of life be o'er, and earth recede from view,
And heaven in all its glory shine where all is pure and true.
Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still the proverb deep and vast,
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

—D. C. McCallum.

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already;
Dose vool vas vite like shnow;
Und efery times dot Mary did vend oued,
Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs did follow Mary von day of der school-house,
Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der schoolmaster,
Also, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile out loud,
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued,
Likevize, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,
Until Mary did come also from dot school-house oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he would say, "I dond vas schared,
Mary would keep from drouble ena how."

"Vot vas der reason aboud it, of dot lambs und Mary?"
Dose schillen did ask it dot schoolmaster;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose lambs already,
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
Boued Mary's lambs' relations;
Of you lofe dese like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song;
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said;
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has moldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God:
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

Thy died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—*William Knox.*

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

Cato s tting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so.—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,—he must delight in virtue·
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to my end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

—*Addison.*

SPOOPENDYKE'S BURGLARS.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? what burglar?" demanded Mrs. Spoopen-

dyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas!" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark! Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light? Find a match and light that gas now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match! Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw anything fly like you do. All you want is to be done up in white and blue papers to be a seidlitz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoopendyke. "Now hand me my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you are, anyway—a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out. Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody?" whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare 'em for? What'd you say anything about me for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke.

"If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em."

"But you said for me ——"

"Didn't say anything of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke; "never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

"You'd caught 'em," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Another time a burgler gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any cowardly, fussy woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear?"

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

UNCLE TOM AND THE HORNETS.

There is an old woman down town who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some few articles at a grocery, he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove and went out to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the

desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of the falling ones. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs, and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk, and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese box was answered by a war-whoop from the showcase. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back door was answered by wild gestures around the show window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef bone. When a larger body

meets a smaller one, the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man lay around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked:

"Hev dey got the fiah all put out yit?"

Some of the hornets sailed out of doors to fall by the wayside, and the others waited around on tops of barrels and baskets and jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

"Mebbe dis will cure the stiffness in dat gal's neck jist the same, but I tell you I'ze got banged, an' bumped, an' sot down on till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon.
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each pround swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uprorious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
  Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sounds so grand, on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

—*Francis Mahony.*

THE FRECKLED-FACED GIRL.

HOW SHE ENTERTAINED A VISITOR WHILE HER MA WAS DRESSING.

"Ma's up-stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet-strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh! your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her everyday clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh! but she hasn't got on her everyday clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming, she said, 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn-books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen!"

"Why, you wicked little girl, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. I aint a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West, and he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you

to. Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a new muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you ought to go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natifs'd be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, and you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved man, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a bad example for little girls like you."

"Oh! I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma aint round. That's a pretty cloak you've got, aint it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek, and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does, should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. —*Boston Globe.*

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SNOBBLETON *solus.*

Snobbleton.—Yes, there is that fellow Jones again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he fol-

lows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating, so does Jones. Do we wander on the beach, so does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretense of doing so if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match if I can not spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it. A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

Enter Jones.

Jones.—(*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower which he holds in his hand.*) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair; I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how— Bless me, here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snob.—Good morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones.—What! you—you forgive? You really—

Snob.—Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones.—With all my heart, my dear fellow!

Snob.—What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones.—Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—it is unbearable!

Snob.—But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. I know what it is to be in—

Jones.—Ah! you can then sympathize with me. You know what it is to be in—

Snob.—Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! And then the letters—the interminable letlers!

Jones—Oh, yes, the letters! the *billet-doux!*

Snob.—And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones.—The bills!

Snob.—Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones.—Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snob.—In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones.—Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah me! it's worse than *that.*

Snob.—Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Jones.—Yes I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob.—Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow. See! I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Jones.—Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob.—Whom?

Jones.—Your cousin Prudence.

Snob.—Ha! Prudence Angelina Winter?

Jones.—Now don't be angry, Snobby; I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob.—Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

Jones.—You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob.—Well, that is something, to be sure. But leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know;

but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones.—Defect! You surprise me.

Snob.—What! and you did not know it?

Jones.—Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

Snob.—Oh no; only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger knowingly.*) I see you understand it.

Jones.—Merciful heaven! can it be? But, really, is it serious?

Snob.—I should think it was.

Jones.—What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob.—Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones.—Oh, I perceive. A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snob.—Zounds! man, she's not crazy!

Jones.—My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob.—Slightly deaf—that's all.

Jones.—Deaf!

Snob.—As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones.—Is it possible? However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob.—Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Jones.—Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snob.—Louder, shriller, man!

Jones.—"Miss, will you—"

Snob.—Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones.—(*Almost screaming*). "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snob.—There, that may do. Still, you want prac-

tice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones.—Very good. Meantime I will go down to the beach, and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—"

[*Exit* Jones.

Enter Prudence.

Prudence.—Good morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

Snob.—Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Pru.—Why, I was not aware of this. Is he very deaf?

Snob.—Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he's in love.

Pru.—In love! with whom?

Snob.—Can't you guess?

Pru.—Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob.—With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Pru.—Well, I have always thought him a nice looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*) "Good morning, Mr. Jones?"

Snob.—Do you think he would hear *that?*"

Pru.—Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good morning, Mr. Jones?" How would that do?

Snob.—Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Pru.—(*Almost screaming.*) "Good morning?"

Snob.—A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now do try and make yourself audible.

Enter Jones.

Snob.—(*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Jones, cousin.

Miss Winter, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains where he can view the speakers.*)

Jones.—(*Speaking in a loud orotund voice.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Pru.—(*In a high falsetto voice.*) Really sir, I—I—

Jones.—(*Aside.*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Pru.—(*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones.—(*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Pru.—(*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems for him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones.—(*Aside.*) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob.—Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Pru.—Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones.—I only know one poem. It is this:

> You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
> To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Pru.—Bravo! bravo!

Jones.—Thank you! THANK—

Pru.—Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

Jones.—And do you fancy *me* deaf, miss? (*Natural tone.*)

Pru.—Are you not, sir! You surprise me!

Jones.—No, miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Pru.—Snobbleton! Why, he told me that you were deaf.

Jones.—Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

THE WESTERN SCHOOLMA'AM.

Not bashful nor yet overbold,
And only twenty-two,
With hair like threads of gleaming gold,
With eyes of azure blue,
With little hands, with pretty face
Just tanned a healthy brown,
She is the daisy of the place
The flower of all the town.

The village boys when she goes by
Can scarcely speak or stir,
She is the object of each eye—
They fairly worship her.
Like some sweet fairy sprite she seems
A breath might blow away,
The spirit of their midnight dreams,
Their idol all the day.

She draws them to the village church
Far more than sermon strong:
With anxious eyes the choir they search,
They look at her and long;
And when with splendid voice she sings
They lose their heads in love,
Their feverish fancies float on wings
Beyond the clouds above.

Her soul is like a sparkling brook
That babbles on its way
Through sunny field, through shady nook,
By banks with blossoms gay.
All day at school with patient grace
She rules the noisy crowd,
Then homeward walks with happy face
And soul without a cloud.

In simple hat of plaited straw,
In tasteful muslin gown,
Her pretty face and form I saw
While passing through the town;

I watched her while she sweetly smiled
When children were dismissed;
I wished I were once more a child,
A cherub to be kissed.
—*From "Away Out West," by Eugene J. Hall.*

HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O, Joshua! a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya—shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—Oh, mercy!—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh my, shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little, harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in the corner under the sink. The first time I hit it, I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would, but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse.

Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me, I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor, but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing it firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she should do—as though I could hold a mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she could throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "Oh, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was?—rather have a mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to

that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear he would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea that a mouse could be squeezed to death so easy.

This was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard I go out doors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

—*Joshua Jenkins.*

A TRIAL OF ENDURANCE.

"My dear," queried Mr. Spoopendyke, "did you put those oysters on the cellar floor with the round shells down, as I told you to?"

"I did most of 'em," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Some of 'em wouldn't stay that way. They turned right over."

"Must have been extraordinary intelligent oysters!" muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, eying her with suspicion. "Didn't any of 'em stand up on end and ask for the morning paper, did they?"

"You know what I mean," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They tipped over sideways, and so I laid them on the flat shell."

"That's right," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want to give an oyster his own way, or you'll hurt his feelings. Suppose you bring us some of those gifted oysters and an oyster knife, and we'll eat 'em."

Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried away and pattered back with the feast duly set out on a tea waiter, which she placed before Mr. Spoopendyke with a flourish.

"Now," said she, drawing up her sewing-chair, and resting her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, "when you get all you want you may open me some."

Mr. Spoopendyke whirled the knife around his head and brought it down with a sharp crack. Then he clipped away at the end for a moment, and jabbed at what he supposed was the opening. The knife slipped and plowed the bark off his thumb.

"Won't come open, will ye?" he snorted, fetching it another lick, and jabbing away again. "Haven't completed your census of who's out here working at ye, have ye?" and he brought it another whack. "P'raps ye think I haven't fully made up my mind to call within, don't ye?" and he rammed the point of the knife at it, knocking the skin off his knuckle.

"That isn't the way to open an oyster," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Look here," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, turning fiercely on his wife, "have you got any private understanding with this oyster? Has the oyster confided in you the particular way in which he wants to be opened?"

"No-o!" stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Only I thought ——"

"This is no time for thought!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, banging away at the edge of the shell. "This is the moment for battle, and if I've happened to

catch this oyster during office hours, he's going to enter into relations with the undersigned. Come out, will ye?" he yelled, as the knife flew up his sleeve. "Maybe ye don't recognize the voice of Spoopendyke. Come out, ye dod gasted coward, before ye make an enemy of me for life!" and he pelted away at the shell with the handle of the knife, and spattered mud like a dredging machine.

"Let me get you a hammer to crack him with," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, hovering over her husband in great perturbation.

"Don't want any hammer!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming around with his knife. "S'pose I'm going to use brute force on a dod gasted fish that I could swallow alive if I could only get him out of his house? Open your measly premises!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, stabbing at the oyster vindictively, and slicing his shirt sleeve clear to the elbow. "Come forth and enjoy the society of Spoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman foamed at the mouth as he sank back in his chair and contemplated his stubborn foe with glaring eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, radiant with a profound idea. "Crack him in the door."

"That's the scheme!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrible contortions of visage. "Fetch me the door. Set that door right before me on a plate. This oyster is going to stay here. If you think this oyster is going to enjoy any change of climate until he strikes the tropics of Spoopendyke, you don't know the domestic habits of shell-fish. Loose your hold!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, returning to the charge, and fetching the bivalve a prodigious whack. "Come out and let me introduce you to my wife;" and Spoopendyke laid the oyster on the arm of his chair and slugged him remorselessly.

"Wait!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "here is one

with his mouth open!" and she pointed cautiously at a gaping oyster who had evidently taken down the shutters to see what the row was about.

"Don't care a dod gasted nickle with a hole in it!" protested Mr. Spoopendyke, thoroughly impatient. "Here's one that's going to open his mouth, or the resurrection will find him still wrestling with the ostensible head of his family. Ow!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having rammed the knife into the palm of his hand, slammed the oyster against the chimney-piece, where it was shattered, and danced around the room, wriggling with wrath and agony.

"Never mind the oyster, dear," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around and trying to disengage his wounded hand from his armpit.

"Who's minding 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, standing on one leg and bending up double. "I tell ye that when I start to inflict discipline on a narrow-minded oyster that won't either accept an invitation or send regrets, he's going to mind me! Where's the oyster? Show me the oyster. Arraign the oyster."

"Upon my word you've opened him," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, picking up the smashed bivalve between the tips of her thumb and forefinger.

"Won't have him!" sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the broken shell and firing his defeated enemy into the grate. "If I can't go in the front door of an oyster, I'm not going down the scuttle! That all comes of laying 'em on the flat shell," he continued, suddenly recollecting that his wife was to blame for the whole business. "Now you take the rest of 'em down and lay 'em as I told you to."

"Yes, dear."

"And another time you want any oysters, you sit around in the cellar, and when they open their mouths you put sticks in. You hear?"

"Yes, dear."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke took the bivalves back, re-

solving that the next time they were in demand they would crawl out of their shells and walk up stairs arm in arm before she would have any hand in the mutilation of her poor, dear, suffering husband by bringing them up herself. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Play well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedle'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," says I to my neighbor, "he's shown' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he play me a tune of some kind or other I'd——"

But my neighbor says "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking

up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashing diamonds of dew, and the whole wide word was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor: "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, 'specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel-

boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lighted-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak any way; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-sniv'lin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a brass band and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-

goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"*Go it, my Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tetch me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the keyboard. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she

shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassed right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb agoin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump, Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-rlank! Bang! lang! perlang! p-r-r-r-r-r! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every

single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

Act III. Scene III.

[*Enter* Queen *and* Polonius.]

Polonius.—He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll scounce me even here.
Pray you be round with him.
Queen.—I'll warrant you—
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius conceals himself behind the arras.*]
Hamlet.—Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen.—Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet.—Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen.—Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet.—Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen.—Why, how now, Hamlet?
Hamlet.— What's the matter now?
Queen.—Have you forgot me?
Hamlet.— No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen: your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen.—Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Hamlet.—Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge,
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen.—What wilt thou do?—thou wilt not murder me?
Hamlet.—Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brazed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen.—What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Hamlet.— Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath! Oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen.— Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Hamlet.—Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the Herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you, now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You can not call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
Queen.— Oh, speak no more!
Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct. Oh, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Hamlet.— A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen.— No more!
Hamlet.— A king
Of shreds and patches;—— [*Enter* GHOST.]
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?
Queen.—Alas, he's mad!
Hamlet.—Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!
Ghost.—Do not forget; this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Hamlet.—How is it with you, lady?
Queen.—Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?
Hamlet.—On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares.
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen.—To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet — Do you see nothing there?
Queen.—Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet.—Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen.— No, nothing, but ourselves.
Hamlet.—Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST.]
Queen.—This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Hamlet.— Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.
Queen.—O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet.—Oh, throw away the worser part of it
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

There was joy in the ship, as she furrowed the foam;
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight in the face of his bride.

"O, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore?
Already, in fancy, its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

Hark! hark! what was that? Hark! hark to the shout!—
"*Fire!* FIRE!" then a tramp and a rush and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air.
And the mother knelt down; and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side:
O, *there* was her refuge, whatever betide!

Fire! FIRE! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke, in thick wreathes, mounted higher and higher!—
O God! it is fearful to perish by fire!

Alone with destruction! alone on the sea!
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in thee!
They prayed for the light; and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
"A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! They see us! The signal is waved!
They bear down upon us! Thank heaven! We are saved!"

20 —*Charles Mackay.*

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A FIVE YEAR-OLD HEARER.

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with his hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I can not tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I can not tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't."

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for a *moneyless man.*

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-lighted vistas, the wildering view,
Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their wordly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;

Where, safe, from the hands of the starving and poor
Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
Walk up to their counters—ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall grow gray,
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Go, look to your judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room and find if you can
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a "welcome" above for—a moneyless man.

—*H. T. Stanton.*

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face lik a tattered vail, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when you get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy.

"When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips. —*Little Rock Gazette.*

OUR FOLKS.

"Hie, Harry! Harry, halt,
And tell a soldier just a thing or two;
Had a furlough? been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's a year ago since I was there,
Aye, with a bullet from Fair Oaks;
But since you've been home, old comrade, dear,
Say, did you see any of our folks?
You did! oh, I am so glad!
For if I do look grim and gruff,
I've got some feeling. People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough,
But when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre smokes
And whole battalions lie afield,
One is apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them—when and where?
The old man, is he lively yet?
And little sis, has she grown tall?
And then you know her friend, that Anna Ross—
Confound it, how this pipe chokes!
Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,
All the news about our folks;
You saw them at the church, you say?
It's very likely, they are always there on Sunday.
What! no, no! a funeral, why
Harry, how you halt and stare!

And all were well, and all were out?
Come, truly, this can't be a hoax;
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
All the news about our folks?"

"I say all's well, old comrade, dear,
I say all's well, for he knows best,
Who takes his young lambs in his arms,
Ere the sun sinks in the west.
The soldier's strokes deal left and right,
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And fair Anna blooms no more,
And that's the matter with your folks.
Bear up, old friend."
Well, nobody speaks, only the dull camp raven croaks,
Then soldiers whisper, "Boys, be still,
There's some bad news from Granger's folks."
He turns his back upon his grief,
And vainly sought to hide the tears
Kind nature sends to woe's relief,
Then answering said, "Ah, well! Hal, I'll try,
But in my throat there's something chokes;
Because, you see, I'd thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
All may be well, still I can't help thinking,
I might have kept this trouble off
By being gentle, kind and true;
But may be not! she's safe up there,
And when his hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand at heaven's gates, I know,
And wait, and welcome all our folks."

—*Ethel Lynn.*

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day.
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold,
I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is nigh;

Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating,—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," said Cromwell,
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATOR AT CAPUA.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage man!

My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled

among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep had been folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bid me go to rest and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoofs of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the burning rafters of our dwelling!

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lip that I had marked when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ah! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pre-

tor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die, like dogs.

Oh, Rome! Rome! thou has been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou has given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion; even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze, thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall, with his lily fingers, pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle! —*E. Kellogg.*

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white, and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue—
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its banks—
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller 'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
(As they loitered, half in play),
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of the cheek—
"Boys are strong, and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong, and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May a carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and, lo!
Swings a basket to and fro
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone:
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

[Henry Grattan, an eminent Irish orator and statesman, was born at Dublin in 1750, and died at London in 1820.]

Has the gentleman *done?* He has *completely* done? He was unparliamentary from the *beginning* to the *end* of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be *severe* without being *unparliamentary;* but, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be *severe* and *parliamentary* at the *same time.*

On any *other* occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there *are* times when the *insignificance* of the *accuser* is lost in the *magnitude* of the *accusation.* I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me; conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he

could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge was made by an *honest* man, I would answer it in the manner I *shall* do before I sit down. But I shall *first* reply to it, when *not* made by an *honest* man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me an "unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not traitor unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him: it was because he *dare* not. It was the act of a *coward* who raises his arm to *strike*, but has not the *courage* to *give* the *blow*. I will not call him *villain*, because it is *unparliamentary*, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him *fool*, because he happens to be *Chancellor* of the *Exchequer;* but I say he is one who has abused the privileges of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken *out* of the House, I should answer only with a *blow*.

I care not how *high* his *situation*, how *low* his *character*, how *contemptible* his *speech;* whether a privy *counselor* or a *parasite*, my answer would be a BLOW. He has charged me with being connected with the *rebels*. The charge is *utterly*, TOTALLY, and MEANLY *false*. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *storm;* I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not *greater* than my *desert*. I have returned to protect the constitution of which I was the patent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman

and his associates. They are *corrupt;* they are *seditious;* and they, at this *very moment,* are in a *conspiracy* against their country.

I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for *impeachment* or *trial.* I *dare* accusation. I defy the honorable *gentlemen;* I defy the GOVERNMENT; I defy the WHOLE PHALANX; LET THEM COME FORTH. I tell the ministers I will neither *give* them quarter nor *take* it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defense of the liberties of my country.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

The first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say:
"Come, master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now depend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you are sending them to.
Think of the mother and the babe at her breast, think of the father and son,
Think of the lover and loved one too, think of them doomed every one
To fall (as it were by your very hand) into yon fathomless ditch,
Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling, and the deep river dashing below,
I could hear the forest leaves rustling, as the trees by the tempest were fanned,
But what was that noise in the distance? That I could not understand.
I heard it at first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum;

What is this light that surrounds me and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that, yelling so shrill? Ah! I know now; it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood—with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;
Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch—
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back;
On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious 'twas impossible for me to tell;
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—
For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives;
Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;
Children searching for parents, I noticed, as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a moment, the river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand; she who owned it was doubtless an object of love
To one whom her loss would drive frantic, 'tho she guarded him now from above;
I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side;
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this dark, fatal ride!
I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! thy scourge is a hard one; at a blow thou hast shattered my pride;

My life will be one endless nightmare, with Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured the scenes in our long, happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time to build up a home for my wife;
How people would envy us always in our cozy and neat little nest;
How I should do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;
How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day I p'raps should be rich—
But all of my dreams have been shattered, while I lay there asleep at the switch!

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadily fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red,
And the next thing I heard were the words, "Hanged by the neck until dead."
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,
And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess!"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch,
I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch." —*George Hoey.*

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.

[James Otis, a distinguished American patriot, was born at West Barnstable, May, 1724, and was killed by lightning in 1783. He was an eminent lawyer, statesman and scholar.]

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with *bulrushes* as fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost *one* king of England his life, *another* his *crown*, and they may yet cost a *third* his most flourishing *colonies*.

We are two millions; one-fifth fighting men. We are *bold* and *vigorous*, and we call no *man* master. To

the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin we ever *were*, and we ever *will* be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it *must* not, and it never *can* be, EXTORTED.

Some have *sneeringly* asked, "Are the Americans too *poor* to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, *is rich*. But the right to take *ten* pounds implies the right to take a *thousand;* and what must be the wealth that *avarice*, aided by *power*, can not *exhaust?* True, the specter is *small*, but the shadow he casts before him is *huge* enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in a sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of *gratitude* which we *owe* to England. And what is the *amount* of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the *fagot* and *torch* were *behind* us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all *this* to the kind *succor* of the *mother country? No!* we owe it to the *tyranny* that drove us from her, to the pelting *storms* which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps *others* will say, "We ask no *money* from your gratitude; we only demand that you should pay your *own expenses.*" And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king; and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the *frequency* of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly ex-

pended? The Cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who *take* are to judge for those who *pay*. If this system is suffered to go into operation we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that *rain* and *dew* do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise, *they* would soon be taxed and dried.

But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to *resist* such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in *Greece* and *Rome;* but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the *shores* of *America*. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will *resist* unto *death*. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these colonies which one breath of their king may *kindle* into such fury that the blood of *all England* can not *extinguish* it. —*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

Singing through the forest,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different stations,
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;

Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green!

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says 't is his opinion,
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-a-vis;*
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance;
Says 't is tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket!
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail! —*John G. Saxe.*

TOM, THE DRUMMER-BOY.

An incident of the late war as related in "Song Victories of The Bliss and Sankey Hymns,"—published by D. Lothrop & Co.

A chaplain in our army one morning found Tom, the drummer-boy, a great favorite with all the men, and whom, because of his sobriety and religious example, they called "the young deacon," sitting alone under a tree. At first he thought him asleep, but, as he drew near, the boy lifted up his head, and he saw tears in his eyes.

"Well, Tom, my boy, what is it; I see your thoughts are sad? What is it?"

"Why, sir, I had a dream last night, which I can't get out of my mind."

"What was it?"

"You know that my little sister Mary is dead—died when ten years old. My mother was a widow,—poor, but good. She never seemed like herself afterwards. In a year or so, she died, too; and then I, having no home, and no mother, came to the war. But last night I dreamed the war was over, and I went back to my home, and just before I got to the house, my mother

and little sister came out to meet me. I didn't seem to remember they were dead! How glad they were! And how my mother, in her smiles, pressed me to her heart! Oh, sir, it was just as real as you are real now!"

"Thank God, Tom, that you have such a mother, not really dead, but in heaven, and that you are hoping, through Christ, to meet her again!" The boy wiped his eyes and was comforted.

The next day there was terrible fighting. Tom's drum was heard all day long, here and there. Four times the ground was swept and occupied by the two contending armies. But as the night came on, both paused, and neither dared to go on the field lest the foe be there. Tom, "the young deacon," it was known, was wounded and left on the battle-field. His company encamped near the battle-field. In the evening, when the noise of battle was over, and all was still, they heard a voice singing, away off on the field. They felt sure it was Tom's voice. Softly and beautifully the words floated on the wings of night,—

"Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!"——

The voice stopped here, and there was silence. In the morning the soldiers went out and found Tom sitting on the ground, and leaning against a stump—dead! His soul went up in the song. Did his mother and Mary meet him? Who can say?

MACLAINE'S CHILD.

"Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound:
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have play'd a chieftain's part;
You should have stabb'd me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me into death;
But here I swear, with living breath,
That, for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son:

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and, bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold,
A smiling infant, three years old.

And, starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he climbed the crag,
And reach'd o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice.

And, leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:
"In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother follow'd, heedless how.
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone:

But, midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And, kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"Oh, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
Oh give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shriek'd upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done!"

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;

And naught but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And, as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild;
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step and made reply:—

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eye flash'd sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropp'd it, sore distress'd.

"I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,—
And through his heart a tremor ran,—
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you: think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;
She could not look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy: I yield," he cried.

A storm of passion shook his mind,—
Anger, and shame, and love combined:
But love prevail'd, and, bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For, by yon heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beam'd hate and joy:
Close to his breast he hugg'd the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then follow'd with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never, till the day she died,
Was that sad mother known to smile,—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragg'd false Evan from the sea,
And hang'd him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fatten'd on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine. —*Charles Mackey.*

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTER.

Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money

against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly here is a new lesson for painters and poets! Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of a murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in one example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice.

Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber; of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light.

The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the

gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.

He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wound of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished—the deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him; no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe! Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon; such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out."

True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery; especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret.

It is false to itself—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will.

He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicion from without begins to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must he confessed; it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession! —*Daniel Webster.*

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
  Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
  In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
  And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
  Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
  Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky.

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadows over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,

As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BRAKEMAN AT CHURCH.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window-pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says: "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"No," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express, he said, "all palace-cars and $2 extra for seat, fast time and only stop at big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace-cars. Rich road, though. Don't often

hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at flag stations, and won't run into any thing but a union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, but I know some good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car is full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free-Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side-tracks, and every switch is wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do any thing but amuse the passengers. No,

sir. I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any thing more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run the train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church?"

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now, you're shouting!" he said with some enthusiasm." Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred, and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him at the next station. Every train-light shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks

are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan-house air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah! ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way, and not a side-track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; those river roads always do; river on one side, and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip; sure connections and a good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket-punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want ——"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! The train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!" —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AMBITION OF A STATESMAN.

I have been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospects of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore, often unjustly, accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever.

I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, midst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people. —*Henry Clay.*

THE POLISH BOY.

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple, where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funeral tapers throw
A holy luster o'er his brow,
And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking eyes and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep;
The gate is burst, a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take *me*, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,
And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
"One moment!" shrieked the mother; "one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!" and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no! the Russian's iron grasp
Again undid the mother's clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian's hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band:
"Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can;
This hour has made the boy a man;
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his broidered vest,
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
The jewelled haft of poniard bright
Glittered a moment on the sight.
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's glaive
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on the handle flame
Would blush the rubies in their shame;
The blade would quiver in thy breast
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;
Another, and his young heart's blood
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
And on the air his clear voice rang:
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
The choice was death or slavery.
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
His freedom is forever won;
And now he waits one holy kiss
To bear his father home in bliss,
One last embrace, one blessing—one!
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.

What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel
My warm blood o'er my heart congeal?
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What! silent still? Then art thou dead!
——Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."
One long, deep breath, and his pale head
Lay on his mother's bosom—dead.

—*Ann S. Stephens.*

THE FOXES' TAILS; OR, SANDY MACDONALD'S SIGNAL.

Minister.—Weel, Sandy, man, and how did ye like the sermon the day?

Precentor.—Eh?

Minister.—I say, how did ye like the sermon?

Precentor.—Oh! the sermon—weel—a—a—the sermon—'od—a—I maist forget how I likit it.

Minister.—D' ye no mind the sermon, Sandy?

Precentor.—Weel—I—wadna jeest like to say that I didna mind it, but—

Minister.—Weel, d' ye no mind the text, then?

Precentor.—Ou, ay—I mind the text weel eneuch—aye mind the text.

Minister.—Weel d'ye no mind the sermon?

Precentor.—Bide a meenit, bide a meenit—I'm thinkin'—ay! I mind the sermon noo—ay, I mind it fine.

Minister.—What d'ye mind about it?

Precentor.—Ye said the world was lyin' in wickedness.

Minister.—Toots, man! any fule kens that. What did ye think of the discourse as a whole?

Precentor.—I thocht it was owre lang.

Minister.—Tut—tut—tut! Weel, what did ye think o't in the abstract?

Precentor.—The abstract—weel, I thocht the abstract was not clear noo and then, as a whole, like.

Minister.—Man, d'ye understand your ain language? I ask you, what was your opeenion o' the nature—the gist, pith, marrow o' the discourse?

Precentor.—Ay, jeest that. Weel, it was—it was evangelical.

Minister.—Evangelical! Of course it was evangelical—was't no more than that?

Precentor.—Ou, ay, it was conneckit.

Minister.—You thick-head! Was the sermon good, bad, or indifferent? There, can you fathom that?

Precentor.—Oh! that's what ye've been speirin' a' the time, is't? What for did ye no speak plain afore? Weel, it was a gude sermon—'deed it was the best I ever heard ye preach.

Minister.—Hoot—toot! Sandy, now you're gaun owre far.

Precentor.—Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore.

Minister.—Oh! And are ye in the habit, sir, o' fallin' asleep during my pulpit ministrations?

Precentor.—I wadna say but what I tak a blink noo and then.

Minister.—Oh! but still ye thought it was a gude sermon?

Precentor.—Aye, it was a mooch better than ony other.

Minister.—I'm much obleeged to ye, Sandy, for your gude opinion.

Precentor.—You're perfectly welcome. But, at the same time, if ye'll excuse me, I wad jeest like to mak one observation aboot the discoorse the day—and, in fack, aboot a' your discoorses.

Minister.—Aye, what's that?

Precentor.—Weel, it's rather a venturesome pint tae handle; but, if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was joost gaun to say that in your discoorse the day—we'll no gang any farther than the one the day—in the midst o't, like—when ye was on the tap of an illystration—it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll no feel offended at what I'm gaun to say?

Minister.—Say awa, man, and I'll tell ye after.

Precentor.—Aye, weel, in your discoorse the day—every noo and again—in the midst o't like—when ye was explennin' some kittle pint out o' the scriptures—or when ye was in the heat o' an argyment, or that—or else when ye—a—but noo, ye're sure ye'll no be offended?

Minister.—Ye idiot! wull ye either say what ye've gotten to say, or else lit it alane?

Precentor.—I'm comin' to the pint directly. All I was gaun to say was jeest this, that every noo and then in your discoorse the day—I dinna say oftener than noo and then—jeest occasionally—it struck me that there was maybe—frae time to time—jeest a wee bit o' exaggeration!

Minister.—Exagger—what, sir?

Precentor.—Weel, maybe that's owre strong a word. I dinna want to offend ye. I mean jeest—amplification, like.

Minister.—Exaggeration! amplification! What the mischief d'ye mean, sir? Where got ye haud o' sic lang words as these?

Precentor.—There, there, there! I'll no say anither word. I didna mean to rouse ye like that. All I meant to say was that ye jeest stretched the pint a wee bit.

Minister.—Stretched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell lees?

Precentor.—Weel—a—but I didna gang sae far as that.

Minister.—Ye went quite far enough, sir. Sandy, answer me this: Are ye sayin' this a' out o' your ain head, or did somebody else put ye up till't? Did ye ever hear the Laird say I was in the habit o' exaggeratin'?

Precentor.—I wadna say but what he has.

Minister.—Did ever ye hear the elders say I amplified, or streetched the pint, or whatever ye like to call it?

Precentor.—I wadna say but what they hae, too.

Minister.—Oh! So the Laird, and the elders, and the whole o' ye, call me a leear, do ye? Haud yer tongue, Sandy, ye've said owre muckle already; it's my turn to speak now. Sandy, although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a sinful, erring creature, like any one o' ye; and the only difference between me and the rest o' ye is just this: I've been to colleges and universities and seats o' learnin,' and I've got some sense in my hed; but as for the rest o' ye, ye're a puir, miserable, ignorant set o' creatures, that don't know your right hand frae your left; that's all the difference between us. At the same time, as I said before, I am free to admit that I myself am a human being, Sandy—only a human being; and it's just possible that being obleeged, Sawbbath after Sawbbath, to expound the word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I wasna to mak ilka thing as big as a barn door ye wadna see it ava—I say it's just possible that I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it's a waur thing to be accused o't, and therefore, Sandy, I call upon you, if ever ye should hear me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up there and then.

Precentor.—Losh! sir; but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?

Minister.—Ye can give me some sort o' a signal.

Precentor.—A signal i' the kirk?

Minister.—Ay. Ye're sittin' just down aneath me, ye ken; so ye might just put up your heid, and give a bit whustle (*whistles*) like that.

Precentor.—A whustle!

Minister.—Ay, a whustle! What ails ye?

Precentor.—What; whustle i' the Lord's hoose on the Lord's day? I never heard o' sic a thing in a' my days!

Minister.—Ye needna mak such a disturbance about

it. I dinna want ye to blaw off a great overpowering whustle, and frighten the folks out o' the kirk, but just a wee bit o' a whustle that naebody but our two selves could hear.

Precentor.—But would it no' be an awful sin?

Minister.—Hoot's, man; doesna the wind whustle on the Sawbbath?

Precentor.—Ay; I never thocht o' that afore. Yes, the wind whustles.

Minister.—Weel, just a wee bit soughing whustle like the wind (*whistles softly*).

Precentor.—Weel, if ther's nae harm in't I'll do my best.

So, ultimately, it was agreed between the minister and the precentor that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; the sermon had been rigorously trimmed, and the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile as he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day, he would have done very well, and have had the laugh against Sandy, which he anticipated at the end of the service. But it was his habit, before the sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of difficult points, so that his marvelous powers of "eloocidation" might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting fire-brands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the descrip-

tion, he shut the book, and commenced the "eloocidation" as follows:

"My dear friends, I dare say you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. It takes a great company of dogs and horses and men to catch a fox, and they do not always catch it then—the cra'ter whiles get away. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of them! Now, how did he do it?—that's the pint; and at first sight it looks a gey an' kittle pint. But it's not so kittle as it looks, my freends! and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes I'll clear away the whole difficulty, and make what now seems dark and iucomprehensible to your uninstructed minds as clear as the sun in his noonday meridian.

"Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was in the house of Dagon he bowed with all his might—and if some of you, my freends, would only bow with half your might it would be all the better for you. But, although we are told all this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he catched those three hundred foxes he must have been a great runner, an awful runner—in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But, my freends—an' here's the eloocidation o' the matter—ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we're not told that he was the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told he wasna; and therefore I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of logic and scientific history, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born; and that was how he catched the three hundred foxes!

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends,

another crops up—after he has catched his three hundred foxes, how does he manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kittle a pint as the other—to some it might look even kittler; but if you will only bring your common sense to bear on the question, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud and the early dew that withereth away. Well, then, please to mind, in the first place, that it was foxes that Samson catched. Now, we do not catch foxes, as a general rule, in the streets of a toun; therefore, it is more than probable that Samson catched them in the country; and if he catched them in the country, it is natural to suppose that he bided in the country; and if he bided in the country, it is not unlikely that he lived at a farm-house. Now, at farm-houses you have stables and barns and other kinds of out-houses, and therefore we may now consider it a settled pint that, as he catched his foxes one by one, he stapped them into a good-sized barn, and steekit the door, and locked it. Here we overcome the second stumbling-block; but no sooner have we done that than a third rock of offense loups up to fickle us. After he has catched his foxes—after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—how in the world did he tie their tails together? There's a fickler! You or me couldna tie two of their tails together, let alone three hundred of them; for, not to speak about the beasts girnin' and biting us all the time we were tying them, the tails themselves are not long enough. How, then, was Samson able to tie them all? Ah! that's the question; and it's about the kittlest pint you or me has ever had to eloocidate. Common sense is no good till't; no more is Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew either; no more is Logic or Metapheesics; no more is Natural Philosophy or Moral Philosophy; no more is Rhetoric or Belles Lettres even—and I've studied them all myself. But it is a great thing for poor ignorant folk like you that there's been great and learned men that have been to colleges

and universities and seats o' learnin'—the same as mysel', ye ken—and that, instead of going into the kirk like me, or into pheesics like the doctor, or into law like the lawyer, they have gone traveling into foreign parts. And they have written books o' their travels, and we can read their books. Now, among other places, some o' those learned men have traveled into Canaan, and some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land, and these last mentioned travelers tell us that, in these Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are a total different breed o' cattle altogether from our foxes—that they are great big beasts; and what's the more astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's, is that they have all got most extraordinary long tails; in fact, these Eastern travelers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually forty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

(*Minister aghast.*) "At the same time I ought to mention that there are other travelers, and later ones than the ones I have just been speaking to you about, and they say that this statement is rather an exaggeration, on the whole, and that these foxes' tails are never more than twenty feet long!" (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Before I leave this subject altogether, my freends, I may just add that there has been a considerable diversity o' opeenion about the length of those animals' tails, so that the question has come to be regarded as a moot pint. One man, you see, says one thing, and another another; and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel', and after examining one authority and another authority, and putting one against the other, I have come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails, on on average, are seldom more than ten feet long." (*Sandy whistles.*)

"Sandy Macdonald! I'll no tak' another inch off thae beasts' tails, even gin ye should whustle every tooth out o' your heid!"

HENRY V. AT HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof:
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords from lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eye;
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start: the game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

—*Shakspere.*

EULOGY ON GARFIELD.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone

for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishments, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great nation bore the

pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning. —*James G. Blaine.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

If there be *one State* in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, *that State* is *South Carolina.* Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs; though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen, crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of the common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the

revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle, but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least *equal* honor is due to the South. *Never* were there exhibited in the history of the *world* higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The *whole State*, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

The plains of South Carolina drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes in the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even *there*, the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her *soil* might be overrun, the *spirit* of her *people* was invincible. —*Hayne.*

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor; I partake in pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, *one* and *all*—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pickneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans *all*—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the *whole* country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. *Him*, whose honored name the gentleman *himself* bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for *his* patriotism, or sympathy for *his* suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina! Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in South Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased *gratification* and *delight* rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my *own* State or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for *any* cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion, to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven; if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South; and if, moved by local *prejudice*, or gangrened by State *jealousy*, I get up here to abate a *tithe* of a *hair* from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Mr. President, I shall enter on *no encomium* upon Massachusetts. She *needs* none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The *past*, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion

shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which its existence is also made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if *fall* it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

—*Webster.*

THANATOPSIS.

To him, who in the love of nature holds
Commnnion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image.

Earth that nourish'd thee, shall claim
The growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost, each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements.
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past.
All in one mighty sepulchre.

The hills,
Rock-ribb'd, and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and pour'd round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite hosts of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful, to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save her own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny.

The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employment, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— *W. C. Bryant.*

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